

DO WE REALLY DISLIKE THE AMERICANS?

# Chatelaine

*for the Canadian Woman July 1956 20 cents*

**WHEN DOES GOSSIP  
BECOME A VICE?**

---

*A summer cookbook  
of easy complete meals*



## This is what makes the *party*, soft drinks bottled in glass!

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# Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman



JULY 1956 VOL. 28, NO. 7

## Here's a happy ending to the story of little Donna

**Remember Donna** in The Little Girl Nobody Wants in our December issue? As a result of our story one hundred and two families from all over Canada wrote to the Children's Aid and Infants' Homes of Toronto offering Donna a home of her own. Now we're happy to report a home has been chosen. It's in a Toronto suburb and Donna's arrival made



a family of five. As you can see she has two brothers, one older and one younger. And here's another happy ending to our Christmas story — four other handicapped children have also been found homes by the Toronto Children's Aid and at least five others will soon be placed.

**Being picked** as one of Chatelaine's Women of Toronto, page 10, can be mighty inconvenient, as some of the thirteen representatives can tell you. Cecilia Long, for example, probably won't forget the day that staff writer Jeannine Locke and photographer Paul Rockett cut off her telephone, shifted her office furniture and brought to a stop the whole of Ronalds Advertising Agency. Pat Patterson's Chatelaine picture was wedged in between rehearsals for the weekly television program, Showtime. But before Paul had the shot he wanted he had involved the whole staff of Studio Five. At 10 p.m. one night in the Town Tavern, Tish Goode played to a capacity crowd of one hundred and sixty while Paul rigged up a spiderweb of wires and equipment and Jeannine acted as traffic cop to keep harassed waiters from falling over the cord.

**A glance** at the sunny smile and bare legs of our home planning editor, Doris Thistlewood, paddling happily in sand sculpting, page 3, and you'd never guess that she was actually rigid with cold in thirty-three-degree weather, would you? But that's the way it was on a gloomy March morning when the pictures were taken for our July home planning column. So that Doris wouldn't turn into a scantily clad ice maiden, Ray Webber, the photographer, let her pose in her overcoat as you see here. During the three hours of shooting, two truck drivers, several motorists, one black spaniel formed a small dumbfounded audience for the strange goings-on.



**Good news** for us—and you. This June we were proud to receive, with Maclean's magazine, a silver plaque as recognition from the Canadian Mental Health Association for the articles we published in the last year in this field.

**In August** watch for a complete-in-one-issue murder mystery by the well-known Canadian writer, Frances Shelley Wees. Also, a new article, addressed this time to husbands, by Dr. Marion Hilliard. ♦

### FICTION

- |                                      |                 |    |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|----|
| No Man's Good Enough for Janie ..... | Margaret Craven | 14 |
| Good-by Myra .....                   | Alice Munro     | 16 |

### GENERAL ARTICLES

- |   |                      |    |
|---|----------------------|----|
| Do We Really Dislike the Americans? ..... | Phyllis Lee Peterson | 9  |
| The Women of Toronto .....                | Jeannine Locke       | 10 |
| When Does Gossip Become a Vice? .....     | Fergus Cronin        | 18 |

### REGULAR FEATURES

- |                                   |                   |   |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|---|
| Letters To Chatelaine .....       |                   | 2 |
| Learn to Live with Yourself ..... | Dr. Reva Gerstein | 4 |

### FASHION & BEAUTY

- |   |               |    |
|---|---------------|----|
| 7 Ways to Tell a Good Buy .....         | Vivian Wilcox | 42 |
| The Fair Print (Pattern) .....          |               | 47 |
| Chatelaine's Invitation to Beauty ..... |               | 48 |

### HOUSEKEEPING

- |                                     |              |    |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|----|
| Chatelaine's Summer Cookbook .....  | Marie Holmes | 19 |
| Chatelaine Meals of the Month ..... |              | 28 |

### HOME PLANNING

- |                  |                   |   |
|------------------|-------------------|---|
| Your House ..... | Doris Thistlewood | 3 |
|------------------|-------------------|---|

### GARDENING

- |                              |                |    |
|------------------------------|----------------|----|
| Lilies—Plain and Fancy ..... | Helen O'Reilly | 30 |
|------------------------------|----------------|----|

### CHATELAINE NEEDLECRAFT

- |                                       |  |    |
|---------------------------------------|--|----|
| Two Knitted Collars .....             |  | 40 |
| Flower Runner .....                   |  | 52 |
| Petal Hat and Gloves to Crochet ..... |  | 54 |

### FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS

- |                                     |                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|----|
| How to Protect Your Child's Skin .. | Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D. | 61 |
| Chatelaine's Chatty Chipmunk .....  |                                 | 64 |

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## Sweet corn **AYLMER** Flavor



Here's a wonderful dish to serve hungry families. Aylmer Golden Corn makes such exciting dishes—so economically! That's because Aylmer Corn—and only Aylmer Corn—has all the fresh, sweet, delicious flavor of fresh-gathered, fresh-cooked corn. Aylmer plants are located where the corn is grown, so it's canned before it can lose any of its fresh flavor.

### **CORN AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE** (Makes 4 or 5 servings)

1 pound sausages  
One 20-ounce can Aylmer Golden Cream Style Corn  
1½ cups thin white sauce\*  
1 tablespoon chopped onion  
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper (if desired)  
½ cup grated cheese

Parboil the sausages—or use the “brown and serve” type. Slice half of sausages and combine with Aylmer Corn, sauce, onion and green pepper; pour into buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with cheese; arrange remaining sausages over top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 25 minutes.

**\*Thin White Sauce:** Melt 1½ tablespoons butter; blend in 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stir in 1½ cups milk. Stir and cook until mixture reaches boil.

**AYLMER GOLDEN CORN**  
From Canadian Crops — by Canadian Cannors

## LETTERS TO CHATELAINE



### Sex Education

Dr. Laycock (How to Protect Your Child from Sex Deviates, April) mentions books on sex education, particularly Facts of Life and Love for Teen-agers by Evelyn Millis Duval. I would like to know where one could get this book in Canada and also the price.

*Mrs. J. D. Robertson, The Pas.*

The hard-cover edition, published by Association Press, New York City, sells at leading bookstores for \$4.25. A pocket-size edition, by Popular Library, is also available at thirty-five cents.

apples (wish I could send you some), bananas, raspberries, loganberries . . . Must close and thanks for all the help.

*Irene Williams, Kloof, Natal, S.A.*

### Inspired by Doctors

I am so glad I renewed my subscription! I have received inspiration and encouragement many times from the wonderful articles by doctors Hilliard, Blatz and Gerstein. The story by Johanne Stemo (You Can't Steal Happiness, May) is a sample of truly worth-while fiction. Let's have more like it!

*Betty Shifflett, Calgary.*

### Reeve Was Missing

I have been a constant reader and a fan of your magazine for over ten years. In your article How Caledon East Got a Doctor (March) I missed an important name—the reeve, Emmett Grogan, who was the first one to buy the twenty-five-dollar shares in what is to be the doctor's home.

*Mrs. M. Jones, Toronto.*

### The Premium Race

We have read with great interest How the Big Premium Race Affects You (May). We feel that this article was well prepared and contained a lot of good information useful both to the premium industry and to the housewives.

*Claude A. Giroux, President, Premium Advertising Association of Canada, Montreal.*

### Chatelaine in Kloof

If some of your staff suddenly come over on a magic carpet and drop down on Kloof, and you find several things very much Canadianized, don't be surprised—it's all due to the influence of your good magazine. I'm a Canadian from Fredericton, N.B., and have been in this country fifteen years. I teach domestic science and some quite good Canadian cooks are in the making. Often three or four teachers at once will be copying your recipes, which I have to translate into South African terms—baking powder is “bicarb,” corn meal means “mealie meal,” molasses has to be translated as golden syrup (much like corn syrup) . . .

My husband and I are building a small house . . . Consequently I read avidly Out of Their Dreams—These Houses. The George Wickses' back yard looks like ours—except that ours occupies more than thirty acres. We have pine-

### You Were Asking

I never miss You Were Asking section. I know that a lot of ladies read it and wonder if you'd ask just how many of these ladies are saving Quaker Hockey Trading cards. I would love to trade with them!

*Mrs. Archie Pratehav, Box 806, Dauphin, Man.*

For readers who wondered, You Were Asking letters no longer appear on this page, but they're still in Chatelaine—scattered individually through our back pages.—The Editors.

### Chatty Goes to Labrador

Chatelaine is a must among my collection of magazines. I look forward to every mail I receive it. Mail comes to us every six weeks. As the community teacher and nurse, I often use Chatty Chipmunk's page in school. The children are delighted with Chatty's ideas and he has become much loved by the boys and girls.

*Mrs. Robert Edmonds, Postville, Kaipokok Bay, Labrador.*

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (cover, 10, 11, 12, 13), John Sebert (1, 18), Ray Webber (1, 3), Miller Services (30, 61).





## New Trick: Sand Sculpture



**There's sun,** fun and decorative sculpture to take home — if you include a bag of plaster of Paris for sand casting on your next beach outing. Small casts need about five pounds, and larger ones ten. Use your hands or a stick to dig out a simple shape in the damp sand. Keep the form shallow, not more than two inches deep.

**To work a design** in the shape use imprints of hands, feet or press holes and lines with fingers. Shapes could be fish, masks or abstracts. Reinforce large pieces with a lengthwise stick or wire before pouring the plaster.



**For decoration,** press pebbles or shells into sand less than halfway so they will stick to plaster. To mix plaster, fill a quart can two thirds full of water; add plaster until it forms a small mound on top of water.



**Leave plaster** two minutes. Stir two minutes, leave for three then pour into mold. Let plaster harden half an hour then brush away sand, lift cast and wash off excess sand. Casts can be polished with colored shoe wax or painted with water colors, then sprayed with plastic liquid. Hang them on house or garden walls. ♦

## What you can learn from the deep sea diver about high blood pressure . . .

Though deep sea diving is hazardous, divers can work for years without serious mishaps. They do so by avoiding situations that mean trouble . . . and by taking other precautions for underwater safety. For instance, they never work too long at great depths under great pressure.

Anyone with high blood pressure (hypertension) of the moderate, uncomplicated type . . . should face his situation in much the same way as the deep sea diver does his work.

This is because successful control of this disorder may depend upon knowing what to do and what not to do.

In fact, by avoiding situations and conditions that adversely affect blood pressure, it is possible in many cases to bring an elevated blood pressure down . . . or keep it from rising to excessively high levels.

### What is high blood pressure and what does it do?

When hypertension occurs, the very small terminal portions of the arteries contract. Pressure within these narrowed blood channels rises . . . and the heart works harder.

The continuous strain may eventu-

ally overwork the heart and weaken the blood vessels throughout the body.

### If hypertension develops, then what?

Since tension, anxiety and worry are believed to be related to this disorder, it is important to live calmly and to be moderate in eating, working and everything else.

One good rule to remember is this: *do everything your doctor permits . . . but no more.* Following this rule alone is often all that is needed to help patients live long, comfortably and usefully with hypertension.

If more rest and recreation, and avoiding tension and strain, fail to control this disorder . . . then the doctor may try diet, drugs or surgery.

### What about guarding against hypertension?

When hypertension is discovered early, it is usually easier to control. So, everyone should have periodic health examinations . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight or have a family history of the disorder.

Many facts about hypertension are in Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart*.



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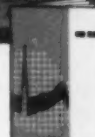
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\*Reg. Trade Mark



## Learn to Live with yourself

BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

## Are you too busy to live?

**I**NVENTORIES and stocktaking usually come along in January, but there's no better time in the year than the hot, energy-draining days in July to take a long look at the balance sheet of how you spend your time.

First of all it's summer and we're supposed to take time out to relax in summer. It's also hot and the treadmill jobs of dusting and ironing and making beds are likely to seem even more monotonous and time-consuming. So July is an ideal time to scrutinize the accounts and find out just where your time is going, and whether it's being spent on the really worth-while things in this life, or just dribbled away in all the tiny tasks a woman does every day—like putting out milk bottles and vacuuming rugs and collecting children from Brownies.

### In Housework . . . No Raise From the Boss

As Anne Morrow Lindbergh says in her fine book, *Gift from the Sea*, "Woman instinctively wants to give, yet resents giving herself in small pieces . . . What we fear is not so much that our energy may be leaking away through small outlets, as that it may be going 'down the drain.' We do not see the results of our giving as concretely as a man does in his work. In the job of homekeeping, there is no raise from the boss, and seldom praise from others to show us we have hit the mark."

"But those routine jobs have to be done," you say. "Think what would happen if I sat around composing poetry while the dishes congealed in the sink and dust collected under the bed and the kids and the dog tore up the garden?"

Mayhem, of course. But life shouldn't be completely used up with keeping the floors looking like mirrors and the kitchen tidy and the children in order. There should be time in every woman's life for a little beauty, time for a little wonder at the world around us and a little time each day to be completely alone.

But where do you find this time?

The answer is you have to make it. And you can do this in two ways—organization and determination.

### How to Find Time For Yourself

First comes the organization. Take a long look at your house-keeping habits. Are they all completely necessary? Does the floor have to be waxed every single week—or would it hurt if you skipped a week now and then and used the time saved to read a chapter in a book? Do the knickknacks you have around really need to be dusted every day—or would you be better off to put some of them away in a drawer and streamline your dusting?

After you have cut all the frills out of your housework, then take a hard critical look at the jobs you have to do every day—jobs like dishwashing and dressing yourself. Figure out the most efficient, quickest way to get through these tasks. Practice this way for a day or two and then learn to do these jobs with your mind switched on a completely different wavelength.

These are the moments during the

*Continued on page 6*



Doll by Madame Alexander



## Makes you feel so fresh and feminine

Yardley English Lavender is unlike any other fragrance you've ever used. Because it's more than a lingering, lovely, lighthearted scent. It's a feeling . . . fresh, gay, wonderful—like being in love! And you know when you *feel* that good, you look your prettiest. Enjoy Yardley Lavender in many forms, give it with pride. You'll find it at your nearest cosmetic counter. (Yardley English Lavender, from \$1.25)

### Yardley Lavender



...A SELECT CIGARETTE  
FOR DISCERNING PEOPLE

Discerning smokers  
are discovering that Matinée  
has all the refinements they look for  
in a cigarette . . . quality,  
mildness, good taste . . .  
and a pure white filter  
that draws easily.



## If you have two pennies, spend one on bread and one on violets

Continued from page 4

day when you can snatch a little time to yourself. You can use this time while you're doing monotonous jobs to think about other things—how you're going to cut out that new dress, or use the time to compose the first paragraph of a letter to a friend or, even learn a little French or write a poem.

One woman I know has to drive her son to a rehearsal every week. She's a very busy woman and she finds very little time in her life for one of her favorite occupations—"reading modern poetry out loud." She has a fine time while sitting in the parking lot waiting for her son, to indulge this harmless passion. "People think I'm a bit odd," she reports, "but I love it."

Another woman props a book in front of her while ironing and teaches herself Spanish. Another woman, who sings in a church choir, practices scales while tidying the bathroom every morning.

Tackle the toughest jobs early in the morning or on days when you wake up full of pep. Don't drive yourself on days when you're low in energy. Copy the way industry operates. Learn to take a break after an hour or two of steady work. Have a cigarette or make yourself a cup of tea and relax. When you have to make decisions make them quickly and forget about them. This is the way top executives work. Unless you're waiting for additional information about a particular problem, worrying just wears you out, and doesn't change the decision.

Learn to organize your time so that you do all the finicky little jobs at once—all the phoning, or mending or sorting. Break down the housework so that you do all the routine tasks each week and then one extra one—like cleaning out all the kitchen shelves or polishing the windows. This method will eliminate that mammoth old-fashioned house cleaning that leaves you and the family prostrate.

Don't ever be afraid of doing things the easy way. The Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University in a recent research project found that many women wouldn't use products that were advertised as making housework easy because they felt guilty about it. The reasons they gave were that they felt they would be judged by neighbors and relatives as poor housekeepers. They were also afraid they would lose out on praise for their efforts if they did things the easy way.

But this is a shortsighted view. Every new household help makes you more efficient, saves you time for something else. Don't be a martyr and do things the hard way. Use all the helps you can get.

Now, after you've organized all the things in your life that you have to do, there should be a few patches of time left over. And this is where the determination comes into the picture. Make sure some of this precious time is spent on getting a little beauty into your life.

You may look around yourself and decide that there isn't much beauty in your life and this may be true. But you won't find it until you either seek it out—or put it there yourself. If you slop around in dirty blue jeans and a T-shirt with a set of discouraged mental atti-

tudes to match your physical appearance you certainly won't find much beauty.

Try copying the way Nehru, prime minister of India, puts beauty into his life. In his trips around India he sees much squalor and desolation and he is frequently deeply distressed about all the work that must be done and the seemingly slow progress that is being made. But he always wears a rose in his lapel. He explains this by saying that, even in his most discouraged moments, he can always look down at the rose and, in spite of the ugliness and despair around him, he can refresh his spirit.

A woman can do this too, even in a dingy little room, even in a boxy little house that looks exactly like every other house on the street. She can make beauty in her garden with a package of seeds, in her house with a print she likes, in her day by reading a favorite passage in a book—anything that lifts her spirit a little.

A wise man once said, "If I had two pence I'd spend one on bread and one on violets." You have to feed the soul a little as well as the body. You recreate yourself with beauty and bring the total body and soul back to unity.

Children are great renovators of the spirit. Through their guidance we can get back to a world where everything is fresh and full of wonder. If the world looks drab and uninteresting to you, try taking a walk with a four-year-old. My little boy was fascinated with store fronts and through him I noticed all kinds of things I hadn't been aware of for years.

But even more important than beauty or wonder is a few minutes every day to sit down and collect your thoughts all by yourself. Anne Morrow Lindbergh stressed this. "For to be a woman is to have interests and duties raying out in all directions from the central mother core like spokes from the hub of a wheel . . . Eternally, woman spills herself away in dribbles to the thirsty, seldom being allowed the time, the quiet, the peace to let the pitcher fill up to the brim again."

Because of this draining away, women need a moment of quiet every day when the axis is lifted for a few minutes from the whirlpool of activity. But since women's work is a hodgepodge, we have to make time for this period. You have to announce firmly to the family that you are going to your room for half an hour and you don't want to be disturbed—and make the rule stick. Then use this time to think or read or write a letter or just sit and let the wheels run down a little so that you can face the rest of the day with renewed strength and serenity. You can't assess the way you spend your time just by the number of tasks you get through every day. It's the quality of living that gives life its savor and worth. ♦

What problems would you like discussed in this column? Write to Dr. Reva Gerstein, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. No names will be published. Personal answers to individual questions cannot be given.





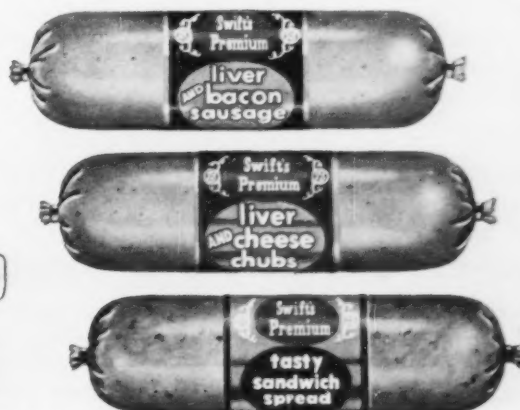
## Pepper 'n spice, 'n everything nice—

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**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT**

# *Buick*

**WILL BUILD THEM**





## DO WE REALLY DISLIKE THE AMERICANS?

*Do we have to sneer at our neighbors to show that we're good Canadians?*

*And are we really so proud of ourselves — or are we secretly a little envious of them?*

*This writer says women are the worse offenders*

**BY PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON**

● How would you feel if you were asked to a party by Americans and, when you got there, found yourself with your back to the wall defending your country? If you faced open criticism and the sins of Canadians for three generations, instead of the happy evening you'd planned? You'd be shocked, bewildered, hurt, wouldn't you? Yet Americans often find themselves facing moments like this in Canada.

How would you feel if you picked up a U. S. newspaper and came across letters to the editor which stated that your own Canadian TV was "inundating Americans with garbage" and "subverting them with foreign culture and thought"? You'd be pretty rocked back, particularly as it had never occurred to you that Americans thought you a foreigner. Yet letters like this have often appeared in my home-town paper (Montreal Star) from Canadian experts on "culture" defending CBC. To them any criticism of anything in this country is a national slur which can only be wiped out by a broadside against something American. This is a process of reasoning I am unable to follow. All I know is there are too many people like them, too many who can't build up Canada without tearing down our good friend and ally next door.

What makes us that way? Do we still live in fear of the Thirteen Colonies? Are we jealous of American size, American prosperity? Do we feel

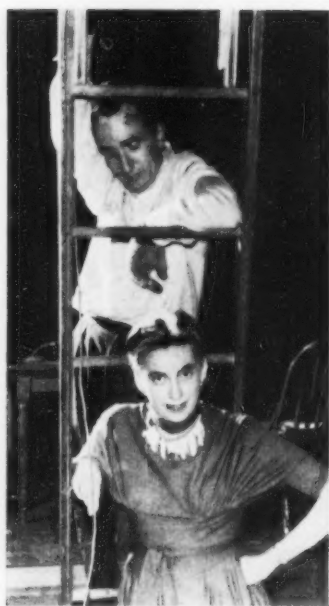
in some dark mystic way that our Britishness makes us more refined, more delicate in our dealings, better in every way than upstart revolutionaries? Or do we resent—I tread now on sacred ground—the mantle of world leadership having fallen from Britain to rest willy-nilly on U. S. shoulders? Some of these factors must contribute in varying degree to Canadian psychology. The Canadians I object to are the ones who hug them all, nursing old grievances and looking for new ones to snipe at.

Two years ago it was the senator from Wisconsin. You saw it happen, you know what I mean. Some Canadian cocktail patriot would charge with a swizzle stick, impale the only American present and say in a loud clear voice, "Now—what about McCarthy?" (The baiter was usually a woman. Men are less inclined to emotion and more inclined to sift facts.) It was useless for her victim to protest that he hated all McCarthy stood for. The reaction was always the same—a curl of the lip, knowing looks and a long dissertation on our own political superiority. Without realizing it, this Canadian eager beaver was demonstrating that peculiar form of nationalism which consists of hacking away at the United States. She was also demonstrating an unpardonable breach of good manners, a mass of garbled misinformation and the fact that she *doesn't like Americans*.

Pin her down and her blue eyes go wide.

*Continued on page 59*

# THE WOMEN OF TORONTO



**A BROADWAY SUCCESS**, *Teach Me How to Cry*, plus a long list of radio and TV plays are the credits earned by playwright Patricia Joudry, who left Montreal for Toronto in 1940 to be an actress. Her only big role was the heroine of *Penny's Diary*, a radio serial she wrote herself. She gave up acting in 1945 to write *The Aldrich Family* for a U.S. network. Now, besides caring for two daughters, she writes only plays, the newest of which her husband, John Steele (above), will produce this fall for Toronto audiences.



**A RETURN TICKET TO VANCOUVER** was Cecilia Long's unemployment insurance when she arrived in Toronto twenty years ago. Now a director of Ronalds Advertising Agency, Cec Long hasn't got back to Vancouver yet. Her special job in the agency is to give account executives, such as the young man above, "the woman's viewpoint" and she's quick to point out that women influence better than eighty-five percent of all Canadian purchases. Her advice to girls who aspire to gray flannel suits is: "Be enthusiastic and willing both to delegate authority and test your own ideas." Proving her own formula, she recently became the first woman president of the Federation of Advertising and Sales Clubs.

**LIVING IN A CHURCH** a few yards south of busy St. Clair Avenue are two of the most distinguished sculptors on the continent, Frances Loring, RCA, and Florence Wyle, RCA. Their studio is as thickly populated with larger-than-life-sized figures as the National Museum. It used to have an animal colony as well. Besides the dogs and cats that strayed to their door, the Misses Loring and Wyle once kept two ducks and a flock of chickens named after members of the Group of Seven. Now they have only one cat and send all comers to the Humane Society. In the forty some years they've been in Toronto (Miss Loring came from Idaho, Miss Wyle from Illinois), they've earned a great many honors but not "regular bricklayers' wages." The government is still their best customer. Both are charter members of the Sculptors' Society of Canada, and Miss Loring became its first secretary because, she explains, "I owned a typewriter."





*They came with a full set of prejudices, a desire to share the boom and no intention of staying. But now they have changed it so much the Women of Toronto like the place*

BY JEANNINE LOCKE • PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

**A**MONG all the women of Canada, the women of Toronto have the smallest civic pride, the most casual identification with their city. An outsider can call their town ugly, insult the Argos and vilify the Leafs without disturbing their hackles. Most of the women of Toronto still consider themselves to be outsiders. Question them and you're likely to uncover Haligonians, Londoners or Reginans who give the impression of being in transit.

Some of them have been between trains in Toronto for a long time. A small advance party of women from the West and the Maritimes arrived twenty years ago, deep in the depression. The war brought another influx. Since the end of the war, women from all parts of Canada have been joined by women from all over Europe until now the outsiders overwhelm the natives, both in strength and numbers.

None of them wanted to go to Toronto in the way that women dream about and save for their discovery of New York or Paris or San Francisco. They brought with them full-blown prejudices against the city. To Maritimers and West-

erners alike, Toronto was the home of the bandits who robbed the wheat fields, apple orchards and fishing coves of the poor to make Bay Street richer. Their plan was to get some of the plunder and then move on.

But they've stayed in Toronto. The obvious reason is the steadily increasing size of the plunder. Besides being the second-largest city in the country, Toronto is now the fastest-growing on the continent and in the middle of so many booms as to make even Texans take notice. For matrons and career women alike, Toronto is much too rich to be abandoned.

The city's deficiency is that it hasn't developed charm at the same rate as it has grown in size and successfulness. It's a metropolitan city only in the eyes of its Supermayor, Fred Gardiner. To the 1,403,000 inhabitants, it's a clumsy collection of thirteen small cities, sprawled inconveniently over one hundred and twenty-three square miles.

But Toronto is gradually changing. The new women of Toronto see the changes to be improvements for which they themselves are at least

partly responsible. Under their influence, they hope, Toronto may someday acquire the charm and sophistication of the cosmopolitan cities they would have preferred to inhabit.

Right now, the city has growing pains; no longer unpleasantly smug, neither is it comfortably self-assured. Like an ungainly adolescent, suddenly thrust into society, Toronto isn't quite sure how to behave.

In the view of the newcomers, the city's early training was most unfortunate. Its childhood was inhibited by the Upper Canada convention which made goodness the inalienable right of a few and the greatest inconvenience to the many. Initially, only a small aristocracy (they happened to be Anglicans) knew what goodness was. It wasn't much, but since these people were firmly in control, their view became the general one and Toronto the Good was the consequence.

Goodness in early Toronto meant affection for money and dislike for French Catholics and all Americans. It was a gigantic joke on Toronto that, in order to be financially successful, it had to establish the most intimate economic relations

*Story and picture profiles continue on next page*



STANDING IN FOR a sick announcer was Muriel (Pat) Patterson's start for the top in Canadian radio and television. Victoria-born, she began in the CBC basement, stacking records, in 1943. Since Pat's Music Room went on the air, she's written and read poems, commercials, full-length scripts, songs and given voice to a raccoon puppet. Free-lancing now, she keeps house for a young son, earns fifteen thousand a year, part of it as one of the two commercial announcers (above) on TV's Showtime.



SIX AND A HALF YEARS AGO, Tish Goode went to Toronto to play a two-week engagement at the Town Tavern. She's still pounding the piano at the same bar. Trained in Pittsburgh church choirs ("quite a long time ago, honey"), she played bars and USO centres the length of New York State during wartime, was in Montreal immediately before Toronto. At the Town, she gets earrings (some five hundred pairs) from fans on special occasions, is deluged with cards and soup whenever she's sick.

ONE OF TORONTO'S best-dressed women and most admired hostesses, Quenee Luxenberg manages also to serve an assortment of community causes. The women's committees of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the National Ballet Guild, the Opera Festival Association, the women's auxiliary of the Jewish Home for the Aged and the board of Mount Sinai Hospital are the most frequent notations in her appointment book. Helping to collect rummage and recruit workers for the mammoth spring sale on behalf of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra are "the very best ways," she says cheerfully, "to lose one's friends." Even on vacation with her lawyer husband and seventeen-year-old daughter Paula last winter in Nassau, Mrs. Luxenberg admits to having solicited prospective rummage saleswomen.



#### THE WOMEN OF TORONTO *continued*

## *For career girls it's a Mecca of glamour jobs and cash*

with the United States. The result was a paradox: the most anti-American of Canadian cities quickly became the most American in appearance.

But not on Sunday. Until recently, visitors were hard put to find a place to get a sandwich in Toronto on Sunday. If they were smokers, they suffered for their sin by being unable to buy tobacco. Toronto's attitude was: whether you have a home or not, you stay home on Sunday.

In those days, the women of Toronto, with a very few exceptions, accepted their place in the community as being in the home. No matter what the size of their husbands' incomes, the world outside was small. Until the last decade, prosperity meant the Granite Club in the winter, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in summer, Maple Leaf Gardens and Sunnyside amusement

park took care of large overflow from the others.

But now that the outsiders have taken over the city, its tidy pattern of living has become obsolete. For people who didn't know their place, it was much too confining.

There is nothing to distinguish the Toronto suburbs or the women who live in them from the suburbs and suburbanites of other cities. Their houses have the same neat new look, the children and dogs are as healthy and the percolating coffee pots as omnipresent as those of Winnipeg or Edmonton or Saint John.

What distinguishes Toronto from these sister cities and may make it truly metropolitan someday is the changing character of the old inner city. Here the impact of the new women of Toronto—the outsiders—is the most apparent. Of the fifty thousand new Torontonians a year, thirty-five thousand are immigrants, and most of

them settle in the older parts of the city. So do career women.

The women who have come to Toronto from Europe were never influenced by an ancestor with the firm conviction that the country took the downgrade with the death of Sir John A. They've never seen shillelaghs swinging in Cabagetown and many of them look on the family tree of a United Empire Loyalist as being pretty brief. They don't consider apartment-living to be second-class. The newcomers, whether their last address was Hamburg or Halifax, have been obliged to stake out their own place in the city. In the process, they're making the city a different place.

The sights and sounds of whole neighborhoods are changing. Families chatter on front steps and go for walks at times other than the Twelfth of July. Apartment

*Continued on page 53*





LANDLADY EXTRAORDINARY in a city of many landladies is Shirley Faessler whose rooming house has been home to a lot of Canadian show people. Currently on her roster are actresses Joan Blackman and Joan White and CBC special-events broadcaster Alex White. On tour are four of the more memorable roomers, a jazz quartet called The Dean and His Men. Mrs. Faessler rented a room to the drummer alone but soon found it was to be used for daytime rehearsals by the whole rock 'n' roll group. They stayed. But she gave notice to another tenant who proposed to mass-produce meat croquettes in a communal kitchen. After sampling his product, she and her artist husband, Haeckle, decided: "We have no room in this house for a croquette king."



COAXING TORONTO AUDIENCES out to ballet, opera, drama and music is Hamilton-born Vida Peene's vocation. Besides serving actively on the executives of the National Ballet Guild, the Opera Festival Association and the Hart House Orchestra, Miss Peene unstintingly makes speeches on their behalf. Last fall, most Torontonians agree, she was largely responsible for the *Comédie Française* being a sell-out. She had lined up most of the clubs in the city and also arranged for evening lectures on the plays in the company's repertoire. Her reward was a reception the French company called "the most exciting" of its tour. In her spare time she writes a newspaper column on interior decoration, the eight hundredth of which has just appeared.



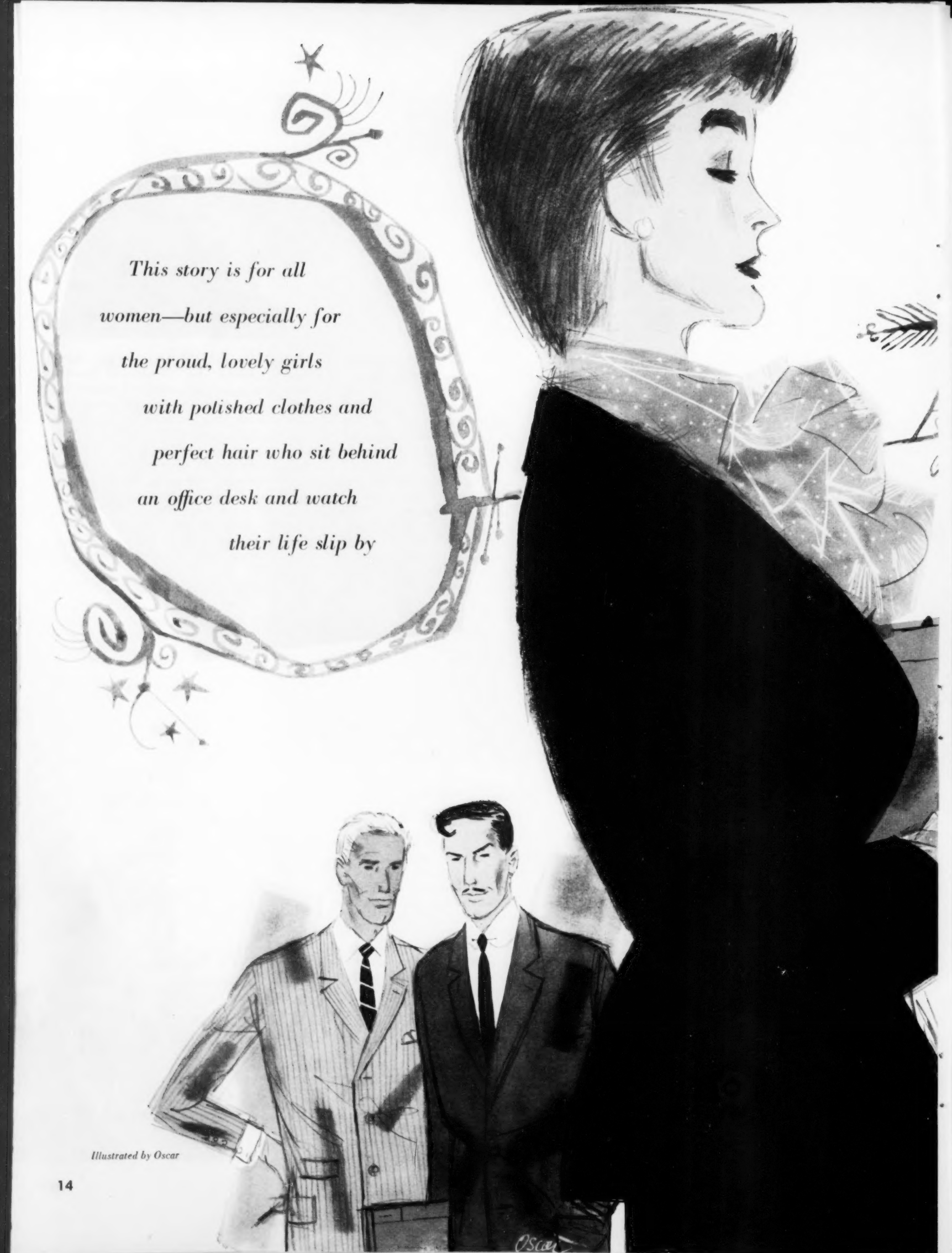
ANIMATION IN HOLLYWOOD was Dofy Skaith's ambition when she came to Toronto twenty-three years ago to work as a commercial artist with Walt Disney Enterprises. Instead, she married broker Allan Skaith, became a Canadian citizen in 1948 and met Walt Disney for the first time two years ago. Until the birth of her son, now an eight-year-old, she wrote and illustrated a daily newspaper column, *On The Town*. Now her art work is confined mainly to murals around home and active membership in the women's committee of the art gallery. She regularly appears on the CBC program, *Court of Opinion*, representing, she says, "the general opinion—in the middle." She won't work for causes that involve "going out and dunning your friends."



TO GIVE THEIR nine-year-old daughter a chance as a ballerina, Therese Dornis (left) and her husband fled from Budapest in 1950. They were "nervous" refugees in Paris for two years while Judith, already a solo dancer, continued her training. Then they heard of the National Ballet Company and came to Canada. Now fifteen-year-old Judith is its youngest dancer. Mr. Dornis is a bookkeeper and Mrs. Dornis works "twenty hours each day" making dresses.

GOLD MEDALS at the Olympics this winter will be the end products, Jacqueline MacDonald hopes, of summer hours spent tossing the discus and shot put. Whether she wins or not, the twenty-three-year-old grade-five teacher can count on getting more newspaper space than almost anyone else in Australia. The glamour girl of the 1951 British Empire Games where she came second in the shot put, the five-foot-ten, one-hundred-and-fifty-pound honey blonde excited only slightly less attention than the under-four-minute mile. She regrets her published remark that she would retire to a chaise longue, immediately after the Olympics, to dissolve her muscles. This brought worried letters from athletes as far away as Holland and Chile. Jackie says she has no plans beyond the Olympics, except her engagement to marry Bill Eckersley (six foot two) from Petersburg, Ontario.






*This story is for all  
women—but especially for  
the proud, lovely girls  
with polished clothes and  
perfect hair who sit behind  
an office desk and watch  
their life slip by*


*Illustrated by Oscar*





# No man's good enough for Janie

By MARGARET CRAVEN



MISS PILKINS walked down the long corridor toward her office for the last time. The hat had been passed for old Pilkie as everyone called her affectionately—and behind her back. With the take the employees had bought her a wrist watch set with diamonds, and this day at luncheon the employers had said fine words and given her a bonus. At five Miss Pilkins was retiring to a cottage in a coastal village with her medals and her scars. There remained but one chore.

She walked slowly, and it seemed to her that the girl walked with her who had come here long ago seeking work. What a thin frightened little girl she'd been and so desperate that need had transcended fear and made her suddenly articulate and bold. It was fitting that another girl waited now to ask for her first job, that the cycle should round up and complete itself where it began.

Oh—she wouldn't be the same. She wouldn't be desperate. She wouldn't be paid ten dollars a week or spend her first money to buy a big thick steak to take home to her mother.

She'd be a girl of her own time, well dressed and well trained. She would work at an adjustable desk on an electric typewriter under fluorescent lighting, breathing filtered air in a room kept at a precise temperature. She would make to start as much as Miss Pilkins had made after twelve years, but it would go no farther and she would spend it faster. She'd have a midmorning coffee break and time off for overtime. And she might take it all so for granted that on a Friday with a three-day holiday coming up, she'd say confidently, "I'm taking four days. I'll just be sick on Tuesday."

Yet now with the harness of forty years slipping from her, old Pilkie felt sorry for this lucky girl of today. She'd be young, and with all its bright sure face youth still stumbled its way toward the same old goals. Her problems being more subtle might be even harder to solve, and in the end she too would have to meet them and grow up.

She opened the door and went in. The girl was sitting by the desk. She stood.

"I'm Jane Mycroft," she said. "Miss Finch of the secretarial school sent me," and in her voice was exactly the right mingling of confidence and of modesty.

Miss Pilkins greeted her and asked her to be seated.

"If Miss Finch sent you," she said dryly, "I don't need to give you a typing and shorthand test. I know what you can do. Tell me, can you spell?"

A quick smile took the girl's face.

"I could last night," she said. "Right now I'm not

*Continued on page 34*

*She was the Canadian working girl, grade A—well paid, well dressed, a little spoiled.*







# Good-by Myra

*I guess everyone remembers a girl like Myra at school--  
the different one, the outsider. I truly wanted to help  
her, but I was too young and afraid. Then it was too late*

I DO not remember when the girl called Myra Sayla came to town, though she must have been in our class at school for two or three years. I start remembering her in the last year, when her little brother Jimmy Sayla was in grade one. Jimmy Sayla was not used to going to the bathroom by himself and he would have to come to the grade-six door and ask for Myra and she would take him downstairs. Quite often he would not get to Myra in time and there would be a big dark stain on his little button-on cotton pants. Then Myra had to come and ask the teacher: "Please may I take my brother home, he has wet himself?"

That was what she said the first time and everybody in the front seats heard her—though Myra's voice was the lightest singsong—and there was a muted giggling which alerted the rest of the class. Our teacher, a cold gentle girl who wore glasses with thin gold rims and in the stiff solicitude of certain poses resembled a giraffe, wrote something on a piece of paper and showed it to Myra. And Myra recited uncertainly: "My brother has had an accident, please, teacher."

Everybody knew of Jimmy Sayla's shame and at recess (if he were not being kept in, as he often was, for doing something he shouldn't in school) he did not dare go out on the school ground, where the other little boys, and some bigger ones, were waiting to chase him and corner him against the back fence and thrash him with tree branches. He had to stay with Myra. But at our school there were the two sides, the Boys' Side and the Girls' Side, and it was believed that if you so much as stepped on the side that was not your own you might easily get the strap. Jimmy could not go out on the Girls' Side and Myra could not go out on the Boys' Side, and no

one was allowed to stay in the school unless it was raining or snowing. So Myra and Jimmy spent every recess standing in the little back porch between the two sides. Perhaps they watched the baseball games, the tag and skipping and building of leaf houses in the fall and snow forts in the winter; perhaps they did not watch at all. Whenever you happened to look at them their heads were slightly bent, their narrow bodies hunched in, quite still. They had long smooth oval faces, melancholy and discreet, dark, oily-shining hair. The little boy's was long, clipped at home, and Myra's was worn in heavy braids coiled on top of her head, so that she looked, from a little distance, as if she were wearing a turban too big for her. Over their dark eyes the lids were never fully raised; they had a weary look. But it was more than that. They were like children in a medieval painting, they were like small figures carved of wood, for worship or magic, with faces smooth and aged and meekly, cryptically uncommunicative.

Most of the teachers at our school had been teaching for a long time and at recess they would disappear into the teachers' room and not bother us. But our own teacher, the young woman of the fragile gold-rimmed glasses, was apt to watch us from a window and sometimes come out, looking brisk and uncomfortable, to stop a fight among the little girls or start a running game among the big ones, who had been huddled together playing Truth or Secrets. One day she came out and called, "Girls in grade six, I want to talk to you!" She smiled persuasively, earnestly, and with dreadful unease, showing fine gold rims around her teeth as well. She said,

"There is a girl in grade six called Myra Sayla. She is in your grade, isn't she?"

We mumbled. But there was a coo from Gladys Healey. "Yes, Miss Darling!"

"Well, why is she never playing with the rest of you? Every day I see her standing in the back porch, never playing. Do you think she looks very happy standing back there? Do you think you would be very happy, if you were left back there?"

Nobody answered; we faced Miss Darling, all respectful, self-possessed, and bored with the unreality of her questions. Then Gladys said, "Myra can't come out with us, Miss Darling. Myra has to look after her little brother!"

"Oh," said Miss Darling dubiously. "Well you ought to try to be nicer to her anyway. Don't you think so? Don't you? You will try to be nicer, won't you? I know you will." Poor Miss Darling! Her campaigns were soon confused, her persuasions turned to bleating and uncertain pleas.

When she had gone Gladys Healey said softly, "You will try to be nicer, won't you? I know you will!" and then drawing her lip back over her big teeth she yelled exuberantly, "I don't care if it rains or freezes." She went through the whole verse and ended it with a spectacular twirl of her Royal Stuart tartan skirt. Mr. Healey ran a Dry Goods and Ladies' Wear, and his daughter's leadership in our class was partly due to her flashing plaid skirts and organdie blouses and velvet jackets with brass buttons, but also to her early-maturing bust and the fine brutal force of her personality. Now we all began to imitate Miss Darling.

We had not paid much attention to Myra before this. But now a *Continued on page 55*

*Myra handed me the leatherette case.  
"When I get back—" she began, and  
looked at me. Suddenly I was afraid.*

By ALICE MUNRO

*Illustrated by William Winter*



## When does gossip become a vice?

*If you're at all interested in the world around you—you're likely to be a gossip! Here's how to keep your small talk from becoming harmful. And here's how to spike gossip about yourself*

**by Fergus Cronin**

**E**ARLY one evening last winter the vice-president of a Montreal firm was seen coming out of the Mount Royal Hotel with his attractive secretary. That was the beginning. One of the girls from the office saw them (the personnel man who told me the story could never find out which one) and the next day it was the subject of animated talk in the washroom and coffee shop. But by now the story was that they had come out arm in arm, and by the second day everyone had heard that this was not the first time they had been out together.

Then the vice-president's wife heard about it—just how nobody but she could tell—and the strife at home can only be guessed at. The vice-president tried to ignore the whole thing but when the other men began nudging him in the ribs and calling him "a sly one"—with the appropriate grin—he realized he had to do something. So he fired his secretary and made sure the new one was comparatively plain-looking.

The truth, to the satisfaction of the personnel man, was simply this: the vice-president, who had been having a drink with a businessman in the hotel bar, had run into his secretary in the lobby. It was snowing, so he offered to drive her home.

Gossip had provided the further and more lurid details—and ended by damaging the business and social life of a perfectly innocent woman, jeopardizing a man's business career and marriage, and causing days of heartache for his wife.

Everyone condemns this kind of gossip, but all of us—men and women—dabble in and enjoy a little "innocent" gossip from time to time. It's a rare person who never passes a comment about anybody else or resists coloring a story just a bit. Most of us gossip without realizing the harm it can do. And a lot of what we say about one another is harmless—just natural human interest in the world around us and the people in it.

We can easily see the destructive force of a deliberately malicious and untrue story. But do we also recognize our own guilt when we accept without question—even though we may not pass it on—a story that throws another person in a bad light? Do we know the barely perceptible line that divides innocent small talk from scandal-mongering? Do we realize that it just takes a single adjective, an inflection, an implied meaning or a misunderstanding to turn a supposedly innocent remark into a piece of gossip that can cause somebody else hours of worry and grief?

Take the case of Margaret. There was little she could put her finger on. It was more a suspicion that her Hamilton neighbors were not their old, friendly selves. If two of the women were talking together across the street, she saw their heads turn her way as she slipped out to cut a few flowers from her garden. After she went back in she knew from the occasional glance in her direction they were talking about her. Once she caught a neighbor running a finger over her living-room table.

And then one day young Ronnie came running up from the basement. "Mummy, come quick. I found another bedbug!" Astounded, she went down with her son who excitedly pointed out a large horsefly crawling on the windowpane.

"Just like the one Jimmy and I found before," said Ronnie.

"What did you do with it?" asked Margaret. "We caught it and put it in a little box. And then Jimmy walked up and down the street singing, 'We found a bedbug. We found a bedbug.'"

Margaret told me, "Jimmy's mother and I never did hit it off before. Jimmy must have told her about it and she must have spread the word that I had bedbugs." *Continued on page 50*





# chatelaine's Summer Cookbook

BY MARIE HOLMES

**W**HEN the first hot day arrived every year, great-grandmother picked up her favorite kettles and moved out to the summer kitchen. The big cookstove that served all winter was blacked and polished and left in idle glory until the chilly fall.

The whole idea was to keep the house cool. But great-grandmother didn't cool off or slacken her pace. Baking went on as usual in another stove set up in the summer kitchen.

Whatever nostalgic recollections we may have of grandmother filling the cookie jar or taking a bubbly cherry pie from the oven, we never want to go back to her old ways of getting meals. Imagine the overpowering heat of an uninsulated stove, and no refrigerator, no ice cubes, no plug-in kettles, frying pans and toasters and — no frozen foods!

Today's summer cook has hundreds of helpers that grandmother never dreamed of. And you may not realize it but food sales actually reach a peak in Canada during this month of July. But today's cook is also often interrupted with emergencies that could never have arisen fifty years ago. The plane and motor car bring unexpected company. Today's outdoor living upsets the best household routine.

So in tune with the times, we bring your summer cooking up-to-date and suggest menus, modern-style, to fit the life of today's homemakers who deserve to take it easy in the good old summertime!

Continued on next page

# Summer Cookbook continued

*Judy's bringing  
the crowd  
after swimming*

## TEEN-AGE SUPPER

*Hot Meat Loaf Sandwiches  
Salad Kabobs  
Mom's Famous Cream Cake  
Milk Shakes (assorted)*



**YES**, mom will do most of the work for this supper in the morning, but daughter and her pals can easily take over. They'll toast the sandwiches, put the ready-prepared fixings on toothpicks for the kabobs. Milk shakes will be a "choose-your-flavor" and "shake-your-own" job for each.

**Meat Loaf Sandwiches.** Begin with a meat loaf (double) made in the morning, then chilled. Spread bread slices with prepared mustard blended with soft butter. Put thin slice of meat loaf and a small amount of cucumber relish between two slices of bread. Arrange on bake sheet. Cover to prevent drying out and place on refrigerator shelf.

**Salad Kabobs.** For each long toothpick, have ready a tomato wedge or radish, a green gherkin and a ripe or green olive. Chill. At last minute arrange on the toothpicks or plastic cocktail picks.

**Mom's Famous Berry Cream Cake** is famous because it's large and luscious. Bake two 9-inch layers of white cake in the morning. At the same time make lemon filling extra thick. Just before serving whip  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint heavy cream with 2 teaspoons sugar. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of this to lemon filling. Put between layers. Frost cake with the remaining whipped cream. Top with sugared whole strawberries or raspberries with a border of berries around the bottom of the cake.

**Milk Shakes (assorted).** The trick here is to have jars of assorted syrups ready—coffee, mocha (coffee and chocolate mixed), cherry almond (cherry jam with a few drops of almond flavoring). A small hand electric mixer will add to the fun for the milk-bar crowd. Ripe banana mashed with honey will make a good shake!

*Calorie-counting Sue arrives tomorrow*



## LOW-CALORIE SUPPER

*(with pluses for the normal eaters,  
Cold Tongue  
Baked Summer Squash  
New Beets  
(plus new potatoes in jackets)  
Salad à la Mode  
Chilled Melon  
Frosted Cupcakes  
(One cake, 93 calories;  
with frosting, 124 calories)  
Iced Tea*

**YOUR** dieting guest needn't know and the rest of the family won't guess that you've purposely avoided fats, starches and sugar in this menu. If Sue refuses the cupcakes you can say, "Why not try one—it's just 124 calories icing and all."

**Salad à la Mode.** Combine shredded lettuce and Chinese cabbage on individual salad plates. Season cottage cheese with salt, pepper and onion salt. Add grated carrot and chopped green pepper. With spoon or ice-cream scoop mound cheese mixture on greens. Garnish with green-pepper strips and top with a little grated carrot. Serve with herb-seasoned French dressing. For streamlining, use same seasoning with lemon juice or diluted wine vinegar.

**Frosted Cupcakes.** Heat oven to 350 degrees F. Lightly grease sixteen ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch) cupcake tins. Sift 1 cup cake flour with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Put on low heat 6 tablespoons skim milk. Beat 2 large eggs with electric mixer or egg beater until very light—4 to 5 minutes. Gradually add 6 tablespoons sugar, one spoonful at a time, beating constantly. Beat in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons lemon juice. Fold in lightly the flour mixture, then add hot milk, stirring quickly just until blended. Pour batter into prepared pans. Bake 15 minutes. Cool in pans for 5 to 10 minutes. Turn out and when completely cool spread top with

**Low-calorie Frosting.** In small saucepan bring to a boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white corn syrup. Pour gradually into 2 beaten egg whites, continuing to beat until the mixture forms peaks. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Frosting may be divided and tinted pink, pale green or yellow. Decorate with coconut or for normal diets sprinkle with grated chocolate or nuts.

*My turn for  
bazaar committee  
meeting tomorrow*

## HEAD STARTER LUNCH

*Chicken Vichyssoise  
Hot Cheese-stuffed Rolls  
Crispy Sliced Cucumber Pickles  
Radish Roses  
Cherry Nut Refrigerator Cake  
Iced Tea or Coffee*



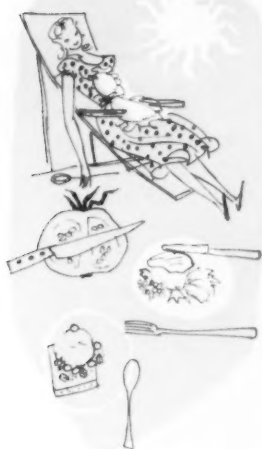
**WHY** not serve lunch on individual trays? Everything in this menu fits into day-before preparation. Even trays can be set with silver, napkins, etc. It's worked out this way:

**Chicken Vichyssoise.** The evening before dissolve 2 chicken bouillon cubes in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot whole milk. Gradually add 1 can cream of chicken soup and mix until smooth. Chill. Put 2 cans frozen potato soup on refrigerator shelf to thaw slowly. Next morning combine soups thoroughly and add 1 cup light cream. Pour into soup bowls. Sprinkle with paprika and finely chopped green onion or parsley. Serves eight.

**Hot Cheese-stuffed Rolls.** Day before, buy a dozen soft wiener rolls. (Extras will be no problem.) Cut in half lengthwise and put this filling between. Combine 2 packages soft nippy spreading cheese with enough mayonnaise and chili sauce (half and half) to moisten, a few drops Worcestershire sauce, a dash of oregano. Mix until smooth. Put filled rolls in plastic bags and refrigerate. Fifteen minutes before serving the trays, spread rolls on bake sheet and put into oven (400 degrees). Serve one hot roll on dessert-size plate garnished with pickles and radish roses (prepared day before).

**Cherry Nut Refrigerator Cake.** Cook slowly 3 cups pitted fresh sweet cherries with 1 cup water,  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar, for 20 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Drain and to 1 cup hot juice (add water to make up if necessary) add 3 cups tiny marshmallows or snipped large ones. Heat slowly, stirring until marshmallows are melted. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond extract. Chill until thickened then fold in 2 cups of cherries,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped toasted almonds and 1 cup heavy cream whipped. Line a 10-inch spring-form pan or 10x8x2-inch glass baking dish with strips of sponge cake. Cover with cherry mixture. Repeat, finishing with cake strips. Put in refrigerator. Next morning whip  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup heavy cream with 2 teaspoons sugar and put in refrigerator. Turn out refrigerator cake. Cut in servings and return to refrigerator. For the party tray, put serving on plate, top with whipped cream and garnish with extra cherries. Serves eight to twelve.





*No energy for shopping  
or cooking*

#### FREEZER SHELF SPECIAL

*Frozen Pea Soup  
Individual Meat Pies  
Marinated Tomato Slices  
Ice Cream Canapé  
with Frozen Fruit Sauce*

**A** MEAL the whole family will enjoy — all of it from the frozen food storage (freezer or freezer shelf) except the tomatoes. Begin by taking the baker's sponge cake and the berries or peaches from the freezer shelf. Let thaw at room temperature. Individual meat pies can be an assortment of beef, veal, chicken or turkey or all one kind. Have oven hot (see package directions) ready to bake them.

**Marinated Tomatoes** — a man's favorite. Peel and slice tomatoes into a shallow dish. Cover lightly with chopped little green onions. Sprinkle with a little basil. Pour French dressing over all, then refrigerate until serving time. Put pies on bake sheet and into hot oven, set the table and put soup on to heat. Just before sitting down to dinner, take pies from oven and cut cake for canapés.

**Ice Cream Canapés.** Cut loaf, sponge or pound cake in 1/2-inch slices. Top with a scoop of bulk ice cream or a slice of brick ice cream. Pour crushed frozen berries, chopped peaches or mixed fruits and syrup over all. Good with maple syrup, chocolate or butterscotch sauce plus chopped nuts in place of fruit.

*Hottest day yet--let's eat on the porch*



#### TRAY PORCH SUPPER

*Finger Fruits and Relishes  
Macaroni Burgers  
Chocolate Ginger Sodas  
Raisin Peanut Cookies*

**T**HE kitchen can be cruel on a hot day. Even appetites are at low ebb. There's little cooking in this menu but it will look pretty tempting when it is brought out on a big tray or cart to the shaded porch or patio.

**Finger Fruits.** Halve honey-dew melon lengthwise, remove seeds. Cut each half lengthwise into strips. Peel, then cut in half. Serve in flaring shallow vase or comport. Centre with washed, unhulled strawberries or sweet cherries, stems on. Have a little dish of fruit sugar handy for those who like to dip their fruit. Relishes could be green or black olives, carrot curls, tiny green onions.

**Macaroni Burgers.** Early in the day scoop out large soft buns. Reserve crumbs. To one can macaroni and cheese add 1/4 cup chili sauce, 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives and one cup of soft crumbs from the buns. Line each bun with thin slice of bologna. Heap macaroni mixture into each bun. Sprinkle top with grated cheese. Arrange on bake sheet and keep in refrigerator. Just before supper put under broiler until cheese melts.

**Chocolate Ginger Sodas.** Combine any chocolate milk powder, double strength, with 2 cups cold milk. Distribute equally into four tall glasses. Add a small scoop of vanilla ice cream. Fill up with ginger ale. If desired, add 1 teaspoon finely chopped preserved soft ginger to each. Serve with colorful straws and pass the cookies.

**Raisin Peanut Cookies.** They're easy to make from a packaged mix (do it in the morning). Add chopped peanuts and a few seedless raisins. Top each with a peanut or raisin.

*Must weed the garden  
--no time to cook*

#### LAST-MINUTE DINNER

*Soup on the Rocks  
Minute Steaks Blue Cheese Topping  
Spanish Rice  
Pressure-cooked Asparagus  
Berries and Cream  
with  
Bought Cookies and Tarts  
Iced Coffee*



**M**INIMUM effort but a truly delicious summer dinner, refreshing from start to finish.

**Soup on the Rocks.** Make this way for six servings: Open 2 cans condensed consommé, add 1 cup warm water. Blend thoroughly. Pour over ice cubes (two cubes for each bowl). Sprinkle with grated carrot, chopped chives, finely chopped green onion or parsley. Put a lemon wedge on the edge of the bowl, and serve.

**Minute Steak with Blue Cheese Topping.** Twenty minutes before serving, sprinkle steaks with seasoned tenderizer. Combine 2 tablespoons butter or margarine with 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, spread on steaks. Broil one minute. Turn, then sprinkle with crumbled blue cheese. Return to broiler for one minute more.

**Spanish Rice.** For six servings cook one package minute rice according to package directions. Add one can of ready-flavored stewed tomatoes (there are several good brands on the market). Simmer slowly until piping hot. *Note:* For a longer afternoon in the garden, prepare asparagus and berries after breakfast. Cook rice, add tomatoes and refrigerate. Heat later.

*It's cool--I'll cook double  
--freeze half*

#### DOUBLE DUTY MENU

*Skillet Swiss Steak Superb  
New Potatoes  
Garden Salad  
Lemon Chiffon Pie*



**T**HIS is good planning for any day when you have spare time for a little extra cooking and baking. If you have a freezer cabinet, you can store a number of meals ahead while a freezer shelf in your refrigerator will hold at least one ready-cooked meat dish and dessert as well as leftovers and weekly supplies of frozen juices, vegetables and ice cream.

**Swiss Steak Superb.** One-half hour ahead sprinkle both sides of round steak with seasoned meat tenderizer. To cook brown on both sides, add sliced onions and green pepper diced. Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Cover with tomato sauce. Add Worcestershire sauce and monosodium glutamate. Simmer 1 1/2 hours. Add carrots and celery. Simmer 30 minutes. Just before serving remove meat, thicken gravy and season. To freeze: Put half the meat and gravy in shallow casserole. Let cool, place on freezer shelf or in freezer until frozen solid. Remove and slip out of dish. Wrap at once in heavy freezer foil, return to freezer.

**Lemon Chiffon Pie.** Ideal for double cooking. Make two, then freeze extra pie—see recipe page 24.

# Summer Cookbook continued

*Children at camp  
--just the two of us*



## CAN OPENER SUPPER

(for two)

*Corned Beef en Casserole*

*Canned Green Limas*

*Pickled Beets*

*Peach Tapioca*

*Packaged Ginger Cookies*

*Hot or Iced Tea*

**BRING** out the can opener! Be shelf-conscious and keep on hand enough canned and packaged foods for several meals. For two there are lots of little cans of vegetables and fruits. Here's a typical example of how your can opener helps you get supper in short order.

**Corned Beef en Casserole.** Break up 1 can of corned beef hash. Mix in 1 small chopped onion. Heap in one greased small casserole or two individual ones. Pack down with a fork. To  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup thick commercial sour cream add 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, salt and pepper. Spread over hash. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 25 minutes. Or cook in your electric skillet, covered, at 225 degrees for 15 minutes. Remove lid and cook 10 minutes longer. Top with potato chips if desired. Serves two.

**Pickled Beets.** Drain liquid from 1 can baby beets. Put beets in jar or deep bowl. Heat liquid, add 4 whole cloves, 2 peppercorns, 1-inch cinnamon stick, 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Simmer for 10 minutes, strain and pour hot over the beets. Refrigerate.

**Peach Tapioca.** In saucepan combine  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups canned chopped peaches and juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, a few grains salt and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons minute tapioca. Stir and bring to boil. Simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and sprinkle with nutmeg. Partially cool. Pour into two individual bowls or sherbet dishes. Chill, serve with cream. If desired, add chopped almonds before pouring into dishes. Chopped fresh juicy peaches can be used in place of canned, but add one extra tablespoon sugar. Serves two.

*My turn to have the neighbors over*



## SPECTACULAR BUFFET FOR A CROWD

*Chicken Fricassee*

*with Noodles*

*Herb Buttered French Bread*

*Twin Cabbage Bowl Salad*

*Fruit Sundae Pie*

*Coffee*

**AND** you'd like to serve a spectacular outdoor buffet! You can — and this is how: Bring out your treasured pressure-cooker and surprise the crowd with a hearty chicken main dish, the kind that's easy to eat without the help of a knife. Set up a long table in the garden, cover it with a gay plastic cloth. Buy plastic-coated paper compartment plates in a color to match or contrast with cloth and a big package of dinner-size paper napkins. (Dishwashing and laundry saved.) Day before start chicken and make pie shells.

**Chicken Fricassee:** For eight servings buy a 5-pound stewing chicken cut up. Wash and put in pressure cooker with 2 cups water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 onions sliced and 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Cook at 15 pounds pressure for 30 to 40 minutes depending on age

of bird. Reduce pressure with cool water. Let stand until partly cool. Remove chicken pieces and discard bones. Chill chicken and broth separately. Next morning, remove fat from surface of broth. Add 2 cups light cream. Thicken broth with cornstarch mixed with a little cream or water (2 teaspoons cornstarch for each cup liquid). Cook slowly until thickened. Add 2 packages frozen peas cooked and one or two cans button mushrooms. Cook 1 package noodles until tender, drain. Now combine chicken pieces, creamed gravy and vegetables and noodles in two large casseroles (with covers). Set in refrigerator until about one hour before guests are expected. Then put in moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

**Twin Cabbage Bowls.** Wash 2 large green cabbages, remove any wilted or discolored leaves. Soak in cold water. Turn back some of the outer leaves. Using sharp knife or grapefruit cutter, cut off top third of the rest of the cabbage. Then scoop out the remainder to form a bowl. Finely shred the loose cabbage. Divide in half. To one half add slivered Cheddar cheese and green onion and pepper. Toss with herbs and French dressing. To other half, add chopped pickle, crab meat, shrimps or lobster and toss with mayonnaise diluted with lemon juice. Pile mixtures separately into the cabbage bowls. Garnish the cheese mixture with stuffed olives, the sea food with cucumber slices. Set cabbages in bowls or on a tray.

**Fruit Sundae Pies.** Day before make pie shells, the new easy way. For two pies, measure 1 cup ready biscuit mix directly into each nine-inch pie tin. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter and 3 tablespoons boiling water to each. Stir mixture in each pan with fork until dough forms small ball and cleans the pan. Dough will be puffy and soft. With fingers and heel of hand, pat dough evenly into pie pans, bringing it up to cover edge of pan. Prick and bake in hot oven 450 degrees F. for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool. Soften 2 quarts vanilla ice cream by whipping with wooden spoon in large bowl. Fold in sweetened fresh berries. Swirl ice cream into pie shells and place in freezer compartment until just before serving time. Garnish with whipped cream and more berries, if desired.

*Jim's boss on the way from the airport*

## A DINNER REVISED

*Pass around*

*Fruit or Tomato Juice*

*Ragoût de Luxe*

*Hot Herb Biscuits*

*Chinese Salad Bowl*

*Chocolate Treat Dessert*

*Instant Iced Coffee*



**AND** this was to have been a stew dinner, too. Here's where emergency supplies offer best service. Still serve stew, but dress it up this way:

**Ragoût de Luxe.** To plain stew add 1 beef bouillon cube, 1 can drained button mushrooms and  $\frac{1}{2}$  package of frozen peas. Thicken stew as usual. Keep hot. Cook minute rice (one package for four or five servings). Serve stew on hot platter, surround with fluffy hot rice.

**Hot Herb Biscuits.** Whip these up from a mix, add a dash of onion and celery salt and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon poultry seasoning. Mix as usual but save time by forming dough into square or rectangle. Cut biscuits with knife into squares or diamonds. Pop into oven (425 degrees F.) about five minutes before you pass the juice appetizers. Biscuits will be fresh and hot to serve with the stew.

**Chinese Salad Bowl.** To the original "hodgepodge" salad you'd planned from leftovers, add a can of Chinese noodles and garnish with strips of Cheddar cheese. Pass a herb-seasoned French dressing.

**Chocolate Treat Dessert.** Extend the half cake you had expected to serve the family. Cover cake and place in warm oven while you are eating the main course. Cut in servings, top with banana slices and chocolate sauce:

**Quick Chocolate Sauce.** To one cup chocolate drink powder add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup whole milk or light cream. Cook over low heat for 3 minutes stirring constantly. Serve hot or cold.





*real meal in a moment...*

Serve a cup of Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . and an ordinary snack becomes a meal, a nourishing, balanced meal. For picnics, barbecues or just eating at home, it's a mighty good idea to start with Campbell's Tomato Soup. Keep a few cans ready for those casual meals. Just add an equal amount of water (or milk for an extra nourishing cream soup), heat and serve. It is always so handy.



*Campbell's* Tomato Soup

**21 Campbell's Soups to add variety to your meals**

Asparagus (Cream of)	Consommé
Bean with Bacon	French Canadian Pea
Beef	Green Pea
Beef Noodle	Mushroom (Cream of)
Bouillon	Onion
Celery (Cream of)	Ox Tail
Chicken (Cream of)	Scotch Broth
Chicken Gumbo	Tomato
Chicken Noodle	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Vegetable Beef
Clam Chowder	Vegetarian Vegetable

**and Campbell's Frozen Soups**

Green Pea with Ham	Cream of Potato
Cream of Shrimp	Oyster Stew

# Summer Cookbook continued

## Now's the time to think about freezers

Grandma brined, spiced, pickled and canned from June to October to stock her winter larder.

What couldn't go into jars or crocks was taken to the root house. Today the freezer is fast replacing the old methods. It not only preserves and stores most summer fruits and vegetables, but it keeps fresh and flavorful meats, fish, baked goods and whole cooked dinners.

If you have decided to provide some freezer space or supplement what you have now, you'll be looking for information. Here we answer the most frequently asked questions.



### WHICH TYPE OF FREEZER WILL SUIT YOU BEST?

There are five main types.

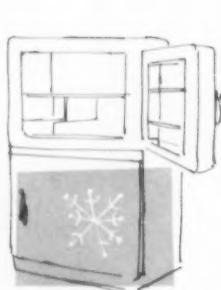
**Freezer Shelf** (at bottom or top) full width of new model refrigerators. Shelf operates independently from refrigerator action. Adequate storage for one to two weeks' supplies for small family.

**Freezer Refrigerator** — half freezer, half refrigerator. Ideal for small home or apartment with limited space for big equipment. Adequate for family of three or four. New mammoth type combines full refrigerator, full freezer in one.

**Full Freezer, Upright Type** with shelves, compartments and/or bins. Sizes of standard refrigerators. Takes less space than comparable chest types.

**Full Freezer Chest**, from four cubic feet up.

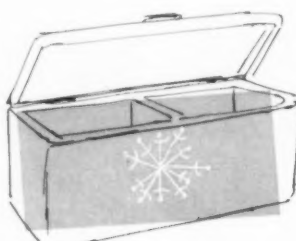
**Freezer Plan Units** — either chest or upright-style full freezer from seven cubic feet and up. Here freezer comes stocked with food and a plan set up to keep it stocked. Some excellent plans available. If in doubt ask your nearest Better Business Bureau.



FREEZER REFRIGERATOR



FREEZER SHELF



FULL FREEZER CHEST

Here are two good recipes to freeze now — serve later

#### LEMON CHIFFON PIE

Baked 9-inch pastry or crumb crust  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water  
 1 envelope plain gelatin  
 1 cup sugar  
 Few grains salt  
 4 eggs, separated  
 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

In saucepan combine lemon juice and water. Add gelatin and let stand 5 minutes. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, salt and 4 egg yolks. Beat until blended. Cook over very low heat or hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Add lemon rind. Chill until thickened. Beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually beat in remaining  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Fold into chilled mixture. Pile lightly into pie shell. Let set, then freeze. When frozen, wrap in freezer foil. For long freezing, cover pie with a foil pie plate before wrapping. To serve, let thaw 30 minutes, then top pie with sweetened whipped cream.

#### CURRY OF VEAL

1 pound cubed veal  
 2 tablespoons bacon fat  
 2 onions, chopped  
 2 teaspoons curry powder  
 1 tablespoon flour  
 2 bouillon cubes  
 2 cups boiling water  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chili sauce  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped apple  
 2 cups diced celery

Brown meat in hot fat. Add onion and cook lightly. Combine curry powder and salt and mix into fat in pan. Gradually add bouillon cubes dissolved in water, chili sauce, salt, apple and celery. Simmer  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours. Serve with fluffy rice and a green vegetable.

To freeze: Cool cooked curry mixture in a casserole or bowl. Put into freezer until solid. Remove from bowl, wrap in heavy foil and return to freezer. Before using, remove from freezer, put in heavy saucepan, cover and heat slowly until thawed. Serves 4.

### How can I get the most from my freezer?

**For city and suburban dwellers**—let it save frequent shopping trips. Stock up on specials in frozen and fresh foods.

**For rural dwellers**—let it save time and money by freezing your garden's surplus.

**For both city and rural homemakers**—let it save time by storing baked and cooked foods for future meals.

### What can I put in my freezer?

All fresh vegetables except the salad and root ones. All fresh fruits except pears. Meat, poultry, fish, game. All baked goods except meringue pies, cakes with cream fillings or fluffy frostings (fruit pies better frozen unbaked). All cookies and small cakes, uncooked cookie dough, pie-crust dough.

### Where can I get additional information?

Booklets are available from:

1. The manufacturer of the freezer.
2. Consumer Section, Marketing Service, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.
3. Your own provincial department of agriculture.

### What should I do when the power goes off?

Keep freezer tightly closed. There is no danger of food thawing for six to eight hours. If power is to be off longer, put fifty pounds of dry ice on strips of wood on top of food in freezer. This should hold food for about thirty-six hours. For longer periods, call on public locker or local cold-storage plant for help.

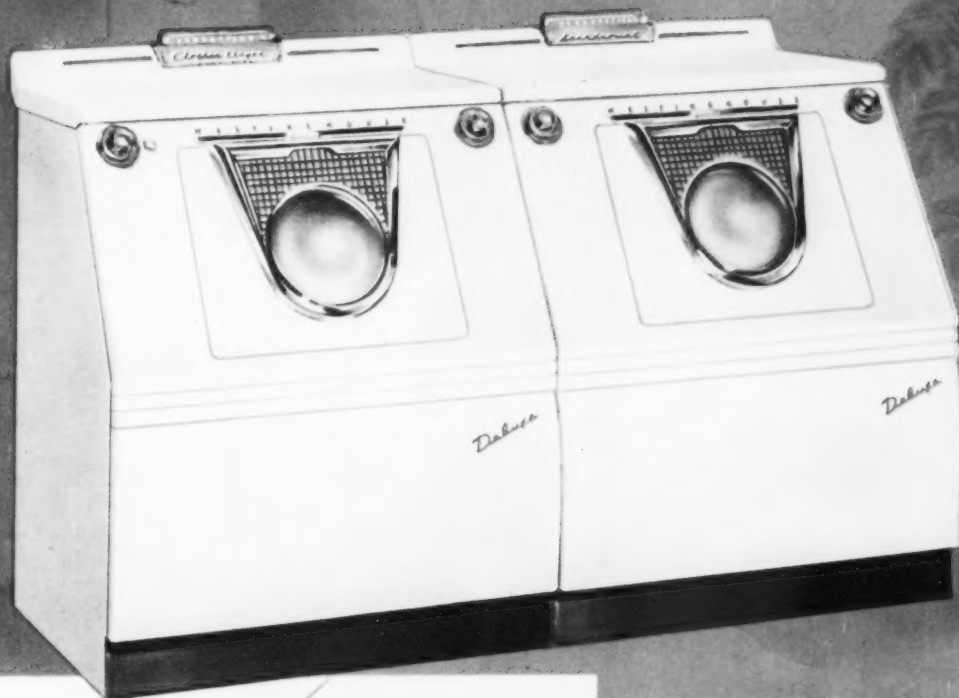
### Freezer ideas to try

1. Make layer cake, frost and fill with butter icing. Decorate with nuts, cherries, etc. Set on plate in freezer until frozen solid. Remove from plate and wrap in freezer foil. Return to freezer.
2. Make filling for meat or chicken pie or any casserole mixture. Cool in casserole, put dish and all in freezer until mixture is solid. Remove solid from dish, wrap in freezer foil, label and return to freezer. Reheat in same dish.
3. For a party dessert topping, freeze rosettes of whipped cream on a metal bake sheet. Lift off frozen rosettes with spatula. Use on coffee or cocoa, too.
4. Freeze ice cubes in advance, store in plastic bags in freezer. ♦



# "Quality-First"

*A Westinghouse design . . . engineering . . . manufacturing achievement  
bringing you magnificent new deluxe products priced where  
young budgets can afford them!*



**New Twins . . . With a New Way to Wash and Dry**—Now, Westinghouse makes agitator-type washing old-fashioned! New Way to Wash (an exclusive tumble-action washing principle) gets *all* washables . . . from dirty overalls to dainty new fabrics . . . cleaner than ever! It's more economical too, because the exclusive Westinghouse Water Saver uses just the right amount of fresh, clean, hot water for every size load. New Dryer features patented direct air-flow system that brings new speed . . . greater economy to safe drying of every fabric. Choose the Twins in White, Springtime Green, Sunshine Yellow and Frosting Pink.



*Wherever  
you see  
this symbol of*

**"Quality-First"**

*. . . you can depend on it as  
your guarantee of Greatest Value*

**Beautiful New "Imperial 30" Speed-Electric Range**—Everything new in cooking convenience in just 30 inches of floor space! Four "Easi-Out" surface elements, exclusive with Westinghouse, slip out to clean . . . slip in to cook. Make cleaning simple . . . quick . . . easy. Super Corox Unit gets Red Hot in 30 Seconds! Features a King Size Miracle Sealed Oven . . . Fully Automatic Cooking Controls . . . Removable Corox Oven Heater. In white and three new kitchen-bright colors, Springtime Green, Sunshine Yellow, Frosting Pink.

**YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S**

# Westinghouse



## DOESN'T THIS MAKE GOOD SENSE?

When one summer drink,  
fresh lemonade—

*is a pure, natural fruit drink (no  
artificial flavourings or  
preservatives)*

*... is an excellent source of vitamin C  
(the vitamin your family needs every  
day, especially in hot weather)*

*... cools and refreshes more deeply than  
any other*

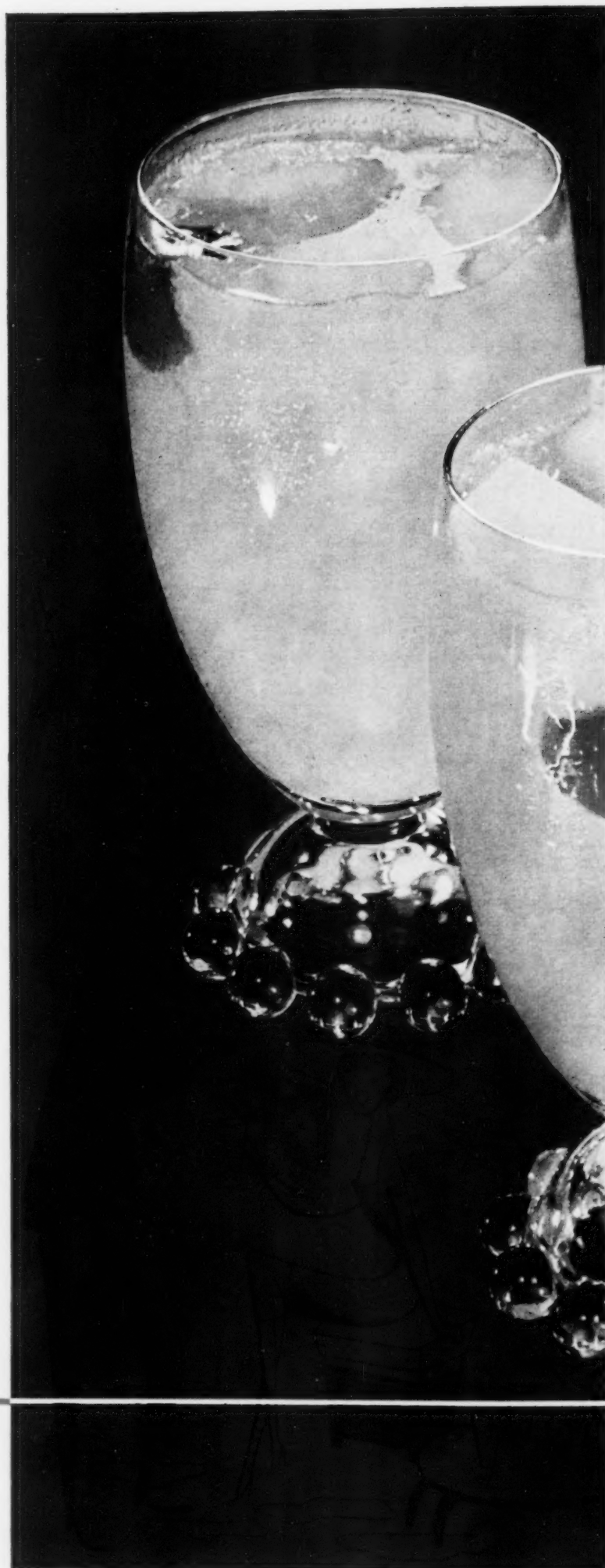
*... is wonderfully delicious (children  
love it)*

—doesn't it make good sense  
that *fresh lemonade* should  
be your family's summer  
drink? Medical authorities  
think so. How about you?

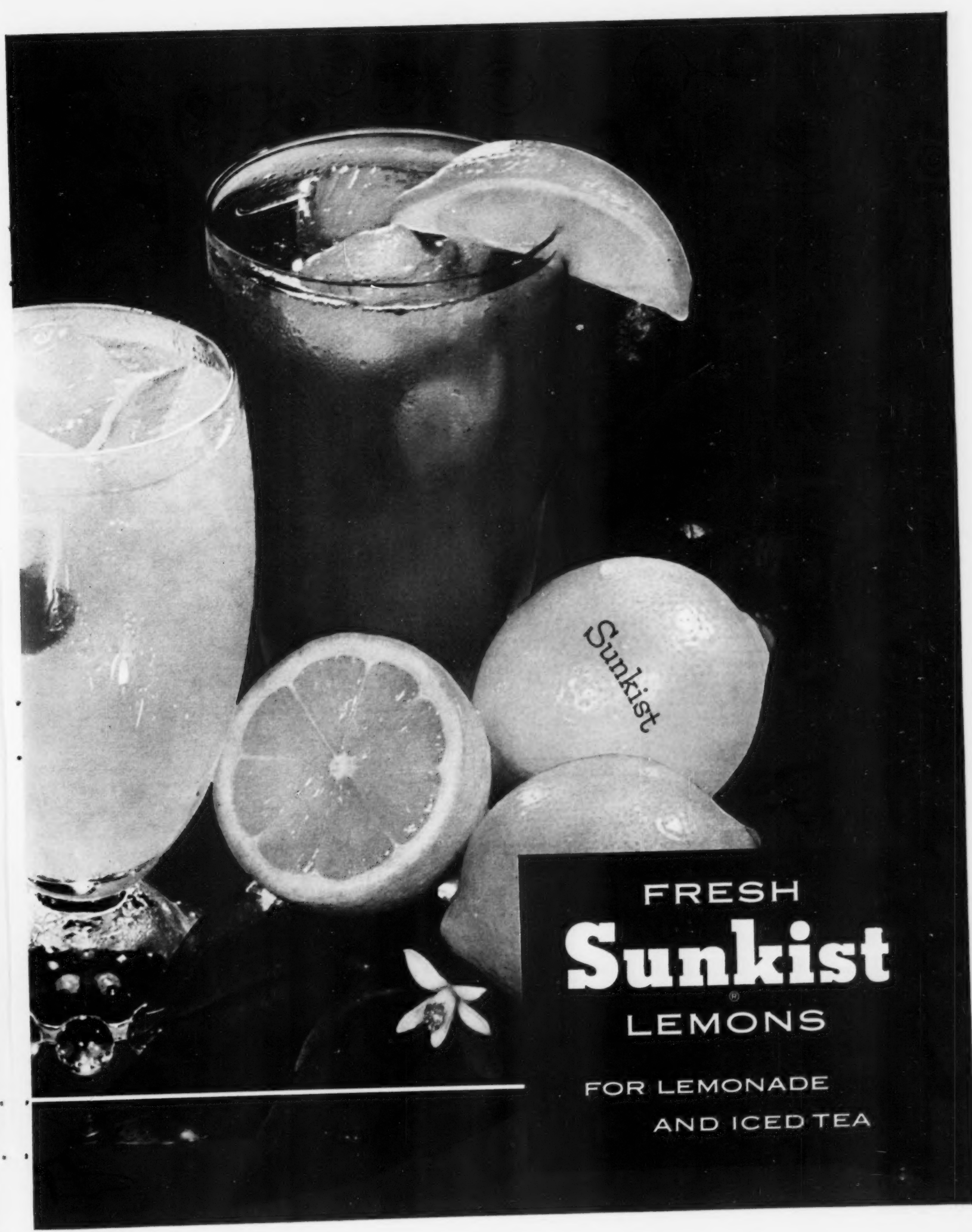
**Tip to busy mothers.** Your family needs fresh lemonade all summer. Make a big pitcherful every morning. Keep it handy in the refrigerator. Serve it for lunch, in lunch boxes, at parties and teas, with bedtime snacks, and every time the children ask for something cold to drink.

**The lemon flavour** for tea is growing in popularity. Iced tea calls for fresh lemons to enhance its flavour, make it more cooling. Serve generous, squeezable wedges of Sunkist Lemons—finest and juiciest from California-Arizona. Don't forget Sunkist Lemons the next time you shop.

**Only Fresh Lemons  
give you  
True Lemon Flavour!**







FRESH  
**Sunkist**  
LEMONS

FOR LEMONADE  
AND ICED TEA

# CHATELAIN MEALS OF THE MONTH

# July

It's too hot to cook—so why not turn salad chef this month? For fun, try a brand-new combination each day

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
<b>SUN 1</b>	Honeydew Melon Blueberry Pancakes Coffee	Jellied Consommé Chopped Egg Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Chilled Pudding Milk	Fried Chicken New Potatoes Jellied Fruit Salad Chocolate Cake Coffee	<b>FRI 20</b>	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Doughnuts Coffee	Corn Casserole Sliced Tomatoes Bread Sticks Mixed Fruits Milk	Curried Shrimp with Rice Green Salad Garlic Bread Refrigerator Cake Coffee
<b>MON 2</b>	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Green Salad Fresh Fruit Milk	Meat Loaf Celery Soup Spinach Peach Cottage Cheese Salad Apple Crisp	<b>SAT 21</b>	Vegetable Juice Scrambled Eggs Coffee Cocoa	Bacon-Lettuce-Tomato Sandwiches Cottage Cheese and Chives Cake (leftover) Milk	Barbecued Spareribs Succotash Lime Jelly Salad Cantaloupe à la Mode Tea
<b>TUE 3</b>	Orange Juice Soft-cooked Eggs English Muffins Coffee	Meat Loaf Sandwiches Cabbage Slaw Date Squares Milk	Baked Pork Chops with Tomato Sauce Broccoli Green Salad French Dressing Fresh Fruit Cup	<b>SUN 22</b>	Orange Juice Pancakes Coffee	Cream of Chicken Soup Fruit Salad Plate Hard Rolls Chocolate Custard Milk	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Asparagus Apple Date Salad Orange Chiffon Cake Coffee
<b>WED 4</b>	Half Grapefruit Ready-to-eat Cereal Blueberry Muffins Coffee	Tuna Salad Sliced Tomatoes Bread Sticks Caramel Custard Milk	Cube Steaks Buttered Carrots Jellied Garden Salad Strawberry Chiffon Pie Coffee	<b>MON 23</b>	Half Grapefruit Poached Egg Coffee	Tomatoes Stuffed with Tuna Salad Tea Biscuits Fruit Tarts Milk	Broiled Beefsteak Mashed Turnips Leaf Lettuce Salad Trifle Coffee
<b>THU 5</b>	Apple Juice Bacon Toast Coffee	Cheese Soufflé Raw Spinach Salad Muffins Raspberries Milk	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed New Potatoes Peas Tomato Cucumber Salad Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee	<b>TUE 24</b>	Stewed Fresh Plums Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee	Meat Pies Raw Relishes Tapioca and Fruit Milk	Grilled Sausages with Apple Rings French Fried Potatoes Cabbage Salad Almond Charlotte
<b>FRI 6</b>	Fresh Pineapple Oatmeal Toast Coffee	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Raw Relishes Baked Apples Milk	Baked White Fish Baked Summer Squash Green Salad Italian Dressing Raspberry Shortcake Coffee	<b>WED 25</b>	Green Grapes Chilled Egnog Toast Coffee	Jellied Consommé Assorted Sandwiches Pickles Raspberries and Cream Milk	Beef Stew Green Salad French Bread Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee
<b>SAT 7</b>	Mixed Fruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Grilled Franks Potato Chips Radishes Maple Nut Cake Milk	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Tossed Green Salad French Bread Rhubarb Cobbler Coffee	<b>THU 26</b>	Pineapple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Mushrooms on Toast Cucumber Onion Salad Blueberry Tarts Milk	Beef Liver Creole Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Black Cherry Salad Ice Cream Snowballs
<b>SUN 8</b>	Blueberries and Cream Waffles Coffee	Assorted Cold Cuts Pear Cheese Salad Tea Biscuits Lemon Custard Milk	Roast Beef Tomato Aspic Mashed Potatoes Frenched Green Beans Maple Nut Cake à la Mode	<b>FRI 27</b>	Tomato Juice Porridge Sweet Rolls Coffee	Salmon Salad Deviled Eggs Hard Rolls Fruit Cup Milk	Scalloped Halibut Carrots Raw Spinach Salad Raspberry Bavarian Cream Coffee
<b>MON 9</b>	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Roast Beef Sandwiches Salad Bowl Cantaloupe Milk	Grilled Lamb Chops Browned Potatoes Lima Beans Cucumber Green Pepper Salad Coffee Soufflé	<b>SAT 28</b>	Prune Juice Egg Omelet Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Brown Bread Relishes Strawberry Sundae Milk	Split Pea Soup Hamburgers Shoestring Potatoes Waldorf Salad Burnt Sugar Cake
<b>TUE 10</b>	Stewed Rhubarb Porridge Hot Biscuits Coffee	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Carrot Sticks Green Onions Strawberries and Cream Milk	Liver and Bacon Corn and Pinto Grapefruit Salad Pecan Pie Coffee	<b>SUN 29</b>	Honeydew Melon French Toast Coffee	Ham Rolls with Asparagus Corn Muffins Cake (leftover) Milk	Lamb Roast Browned Potatoes Lima Beans Jellied Cranberry Salad Meringues with Fruit
<b>WED 11</b>	Grape Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Tomato Cream Soup Waldorf Salad Toasted English Muffins Applesauce Milk	Broiled Ham Slices Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Jellied Garden Salad Watermelon Cookies	<b>MON 30</b>	Stewed Rhubarb Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee	Broiled Lamb Patties Tomato Sauce Succotash Berries Milk	Grilled Luncheon Meat Broccoli Cheese Sauce Green Salad Chocolate Cream Pie Coffee
<b>THU 12</b>	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Radishes Fresh Pineapple Milk	Swiss Steak Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets Avocado Salad Angel Cake	<b>TUE 31</b>	Fresh Fruit Bowl Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Scalloped Potatoes with leftover Meat Carrot Curls Cantaloupe Milk	Veal Kidney Casserole with Potatoes Pickled Beets Orange Tapioca Coffee
<b>FRI 13</b>	Tomato Juice Danish Pastry Coffee	Crab-meat Salad Hard Rolls Pickled Beets Trifle Milk	Tuna Loaf Potatoes au Gratin Asparagus Green Salad Raspberry Pie				
<b>SAT 14</b>	Mixed Fruit Juices Eggs Toast Coffee	Chilled Beef Bouillon Peanut Butter Sandwiches Celery and Carrot Sticks Raspberry Pie à la Mode Tea	Corned Beef and Cabbage Jellied Grape Salad Butterscotch Pudding Coffee				
<b>SUN 15</b>	Cantaloupe Egg Omelet Muffins Coffee	Corned Beef Hash Head Lettuce Salad Fruit Cup Milk	Baked Glazed Ham Sweet Potato Croquettes Cauliflower Apple Nut Salad Cupcakes				
<b>MON 16</b>	Orange Sections Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Minced Ham Sandwiches Pickles Cupcakes Milk	Veal Scallopini Parsley Rice Endive Salad Ice Cream Sundae Coffee				
<b>TUE 17</b>	Grapefruit Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Muffins Coffee	Veal-Mixed Vegetable Salad French Bread Fruit Jelly Milk	Ham Loaf Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Tomato Green Pepper Salad Cheesecake				
<b>WED 18</b>	Cereal with Raspberries Toast Coffee	Egg Onion Soufflé Toast Fingers Watercress Salad Cheesecake Milk	Flank Steak with Stuffing Corn on the Cob Jellied Fruit Salad Rhubarb Pie Coffee				
<b>THU 19</b>	Fresh Fruit Bowl Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Tomato Soup Chicken à la King on Toast Raw Relishes Chilled Melon	Broiled Beef Patties Hash Browned Potatoes Green Vegetable Carrot Raisin Salad Baked Alaska				

## Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

### CRAB-MEAT SUMMER SALAD

- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1 package strawberry jelly powder
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 2 drops Tabasco

Heat tomato juice with bay leaf to simmering point. Remove from heat, take out bay leaf and add remaining ingredients. Stir until jelly powder is dissolved and pour into an 8-inch ring mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. When time to serve, unmold on crisp lettuce leaves and fill centre with salad mixture.

- 1 can crab meat, drained
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- ½ cup finely chopped celery
- 1 finely chopped green onion
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 3 to 4 tablespoons mayonnaise

Combine all except mayonnaise, toss to mix. Moisten with mayonnaise. Makes 8 servings.





All you need for a salad hit...  
crisp greens and Miracle Whip!

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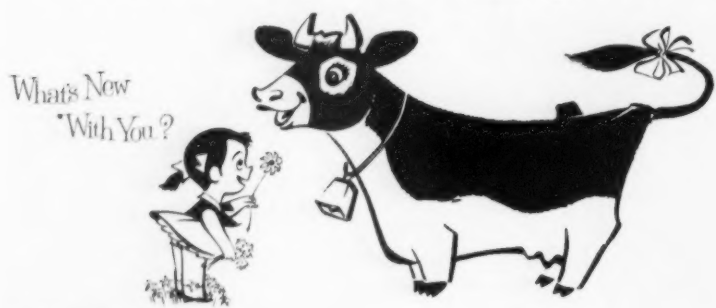
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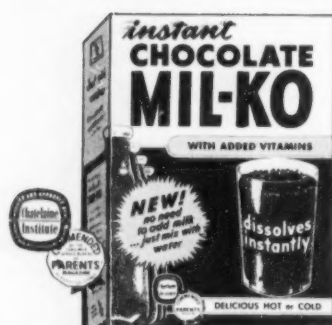
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with new "Heat-Seal" stainless steel cookware by

**PRESTO**



## GARDEN with Chatelaine



### Lilies—Plain and Fancy

Just take a look at the dazzling white and colored beauties blooming now.

Here's how to grow them for yourself

By HELEN O'REILLY

THERE are some lilies in my garden that grow so effortlessly that I forget they are there. They are *Lilium umbellatum*, sometimes called candlestick lilies. Once, in New York, I found myself gazing like a country bumpkin into the window of a Fifth Avenue florist at the restrained and elegant display—a single vase of my orange-red candlestick lilies. I couldn't have been more surprised if he'd been showing off a carefully arranged bowl of dandelions.

I was stunned for two reasons. First, those lilies grow, quite literally, like weeds in my southern Ontario garden and I failed to realize how rare they might look to a flower-starved city dweller. Second, my fixed idea of a truly beautiful lily is, quite wrongly, the conventional one of a gloriously white flower. Of the eighty-seven known species of lily (and heaven knows how many varieties!) only a small fraction are white and there are many spectacularly lovely colored lilies.

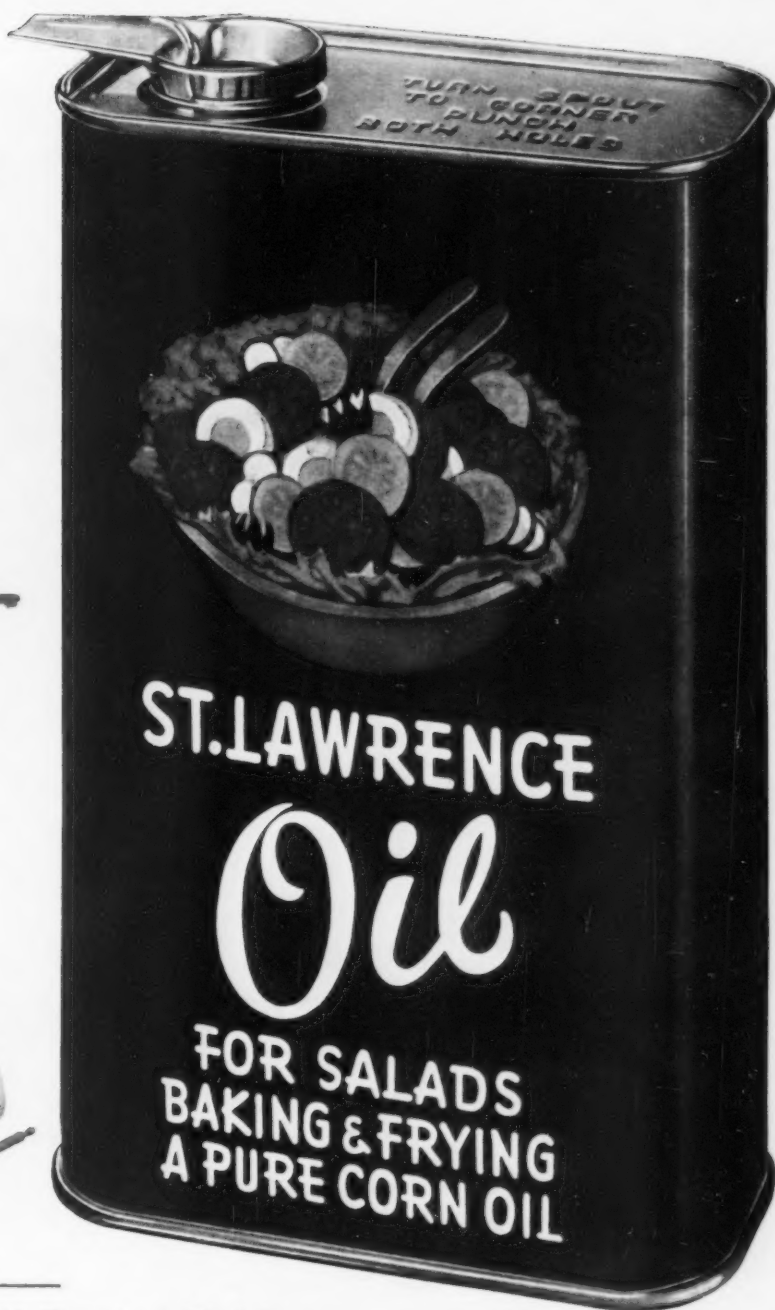
Now, during July and August is the time to see these outdoor beauties in bloom in gardens and nurseries. Now, too, is the time to order your own lily bulbs for blooming next June, July and August. If you are a white-lily maniac as I am, I suggest the Madonna lilies, the regals and their Canadian cousins, G. C. Creelmanns, the later-blooming Olympic hybrids and the gold band lilies. These are a little more trouble than my candlesticks but they're worth every minute you spend on them. The Madonnas will be ready for you next month, the others not until October or even November. But choose them now when you can see them in all their glory.

To find them look in the catalogues under the general heading of lilies or *Lilium* and under that again for the particular kinds. The heavenly scented Madonnas, which start flowering late in June, are properly called *candidum*. It's well worth paying a few cents more for *candidum* Cascade Strain. This lily, originally from the Mediterranean, has been carefully bred near the Cascade Mountains in Oregon for resistance to disease on this continent. Those fragrant trumpets called regal lilies are listed as *regale* and they start to bloom as the Madonnas begin to fade. They are followed by the wonderful hybrid of the *regale*, G. C. Creelman, which was first grown at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. The Olympic hybrids are also trumpet-shaped, tall and glorious, ranging from dazzling white to deep ivory in tone, and they bloom late in July. Just to be contrary, I have chosen the golden-banded lilies for August. These have a golden stripe down the centre of each petal and are finely flecked with crimson; they are catalogued as *Auratum platyphyllum* and have a delicious perfume.

Whether you stay with the whites or venture among the alluring colored lilies, there are two vital facts you must know about lily bulbs. One, they are never dormant as hardy bulbs, such as daffodils and tulips are dormant, and so they must be most carefully handled. Two, they absolutely will not survive bad drainage, so much so that the experts advise planting on a slight slope, or a terrace or, if your border is heavy clay, on a raised bed. Nearly all of them should have the sun for two thirds of the day at least and all should have some



# Pour YOUR Shortening



## Write for your St. Lawrence Oil Recipe Folder

Gives you the latest, easy methods of making pastry, teabiscuits and delicious chiffon cakes, with liquid shortening. Includes a variety of mayonnaise and French Dressing recipes and a whole page of hints for deep frying, developed by one of Canada's foremost dietitians. For your free copy write to: RECIPE FOLDER, St. Lawrence Starch Company Limited, Port Credit, Ontario.



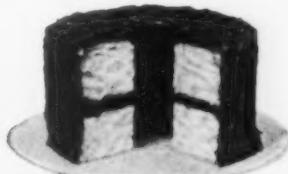
### FOR SALADS

There is nothing finer than the salad dressings you make at home . . . to your own taste. St. Lawrence Oil is ideal for every type of salad dressing because it is light, delicate and adds no flavour of its own.



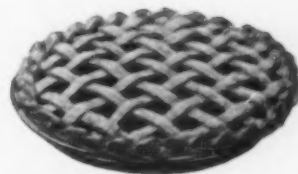
### FOR FRYING

When heated to correct frying temperatures St. Lawrence Oil sears and seals the foods you are preparing, thus preserving the natural flavour. St. Lawrence Oil won't smoke or break down at high temperatures.



### LIQUID SHORTENING FOR CHIFFON CAKE

There's a recipe for delicious chiffon cake right on the tin. You'll get best results with delicate St. Lawrence Oil. Easy measuring—no creaming—it's the modern way to bake.



### LIQUID SHORTENING FOR PIE PASTRY

For those quick-and-easy pastry recipes that call for liquid shortening. Recipe folder, described above, contains an excellent pastry method.

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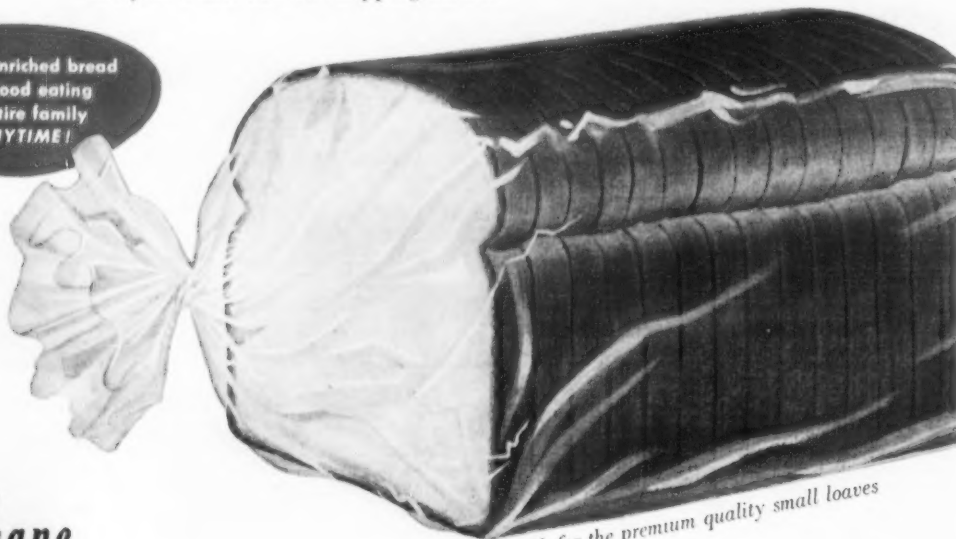
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shelter from strong winds and storms.

Before you order your bulbs, therefore, make sure you have a satisfactory place to plant them. Prepare the ground (preferably weeks ahead) so that they will not be above soil a minute longer than necessary. You will realize the importance of this haste when you have the lily bulb in your hand and can compare it with a hardy bulb. Instead of tightly overlapping scales with a dry, hard outer surface, lily bulbs have soft, leafy scales like a French artichoke. They are living, active plants and, as such, must be handled with care and despatch.

As to preparing the ground, there is no substitute for the good old formula, "a well-dug, well-balanced soil." I dig my lily bed a generous eighteen inches deep, mixing at the bottom well-rotted manure with a sprinkling of bone meal and setting the bulbs on a layer of earth over this at the depth indicated by the nursery. If this is not given, I suggest five to six inches down from the top of the bulb to soil level except for Madonna lilies which, coming from hot climates, should not be set more than two inches from ground level and sunshine. If you cannot get well-rotted manure (and fresh manure would be fatal!), use peat moss instead to keep the soil porous and a complete commercial fertilizer to feed your lilies.

Hold the bulb in position with one hand and settle the roots into the soil with the other. Then make sure that the bulb itself is solidly "firmed in," that is, surrounded with soft earth so that no air pocket could possibly remain which would allow the bulb to dry out. Now cover your planting with a good mulch of manure or peat moss to protect the bulbs from extremes of temperature and to hold in the natural moisture of the soil. Next spring this will save any early green shoots from frosts, and next summer your lilies will flower and do you proud. Gradually each bulb will increase to a small clump which you may dig up and divide.

#### Grow Lilies from Seed

Once you get a taste for lilies in your garden, however, this process will seem far too slow! You will want groves of lilies, masses of them. As good bulbs are a bit expensive to buy in dozens, you will be shopping about for ways and means to increase your stock, as the nurserymen say. Buying cheap lily bulbs is not the answer. That way lies disappointment—if not worse—in the shape of virus troubles which may spread to and ruin all your lilies. The safest and most satisfying plan is to propagate your own lilies from seed or from scales.

I start my lily seeds indoors, where I can handily keep an eye on them, and I like to plant them in the fall when most of the outdoor gardening is over. I buy them from a reliable dealer (unless I am taking a chance on my own product!) and sow them in a mixture of equal parts sandy loam, peat moss, and vermiculite in a bulb pan or flat. I scatter the thin, papery seeds so that they are well separated and cover them with half an inch of vermiculite. As with all seeds, the trick is to keep them evenly moist and away from the light until they germinate—and I have found no simpler device than a layer of newspaper (to exclude light) with a pane of glass over it (to prevent moisture evaporation).

When the first tiny green blades appear, I set the pot or box in a window



## still to come IN THIS ISSUE

### Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Section

### Chatelaine Needlecraft

### Young Parents by Dr. Robertson

### Chatelaine's Chatty Chipmunk

during the rest of the winter, watering as need arises, and by the time it is warm enough to plant outdoors I have tiny bulbs to set out in my seedbed and, even if those little leaves die back, they survive. All summer I keep the seedbed moist; for the winter I cover it with a six-inch layer of peat moss to prevent treacherous thawing and freezing. With the warm weather, this blanket comes off. It takes three years to grow lilies from seed but it means a large crop of healthy, hardy plants at the cost of about a cent apiece and infinite satisfaction!

Growing new bulbs from scales costs you exactly nothing. Take only the large, healthy, outer scales—either from your new fall bulbs or from the bulb of a favorite lily that has just finished flowering. Put them and the parent bulb into a paper bag with a small quantity of a good fungicide powder (to protect the raw edges of both) and shake so that all are thoroughly powdered, just as you would flour a cut-up chicken. Plant (or replant) the bulb at once and set the scales in a pot or bowl of moist, not wet, vermiculite with their tips just below the surface. Cover the pot and let it stand anywhere out of harm's way where the temperature stays between sixty and seventy degrees. Within four to five weeks, if you have kept it moist, you will find small bulbs are forming (some scales may have several). As soon as they send up a leaf they will have sent down tiny roots, and now they can be carefully detached, planted two inches apart in flats or pots filled with peat moss and sandy loam, and brought into the light. By the time the warm spring weather arrives, you will be planting out little lily bulbs the size of walnuts.

Lilies are an insidious hobby. Do you remember Beverley Nichols' story of buying a house which he could neither afford nor fully occupy because of a fabulous stand of lilies which had been started from seed in its garden twenty years before? ♦

## In the World of Desserts with Frances Barton

Did you ever find yourself right at the dinner hour, and still no time to plan a home-made dessert? Most of us have—but luckily, most of us have also discovered the marvelous help of instant desserts!

When busy days catch up with you, you

can make **Jell-O Instant Pudding** after the meal begins—at the very last minute! And the word is really "minute", for that's as long as it takes you! Then you can turn dessert into a major production—just by adding a little bright individual touch!

**VANILLA CRUMB INSTANT PUDDING:** Make **Jell-O Chocolate Instant Pudding** as

directed. As soon as mixed, layer pudding with vanilla wafer crumbs in sherbet glasses. Let stand until set—about 5 minutes. Top with a teaspoonful of crushed mint candy. And here are two more quick recipe ideas that give you very "special" desserts!

**CRANBERRY-VANILLA INSTANT PUDDING—**Make **Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding** as directed. Just before serving, top with cranberry sauce.

**COCONUT-HONEY INSTANT PUDDING—**Make **Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding** as directed. Garnish each serving with honey and a sprinkling of toasted coconut.

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This is the stuff you can make in a minute—



The busy-day dessert!



Mom's so busy—WE'LL make it!



Boy that was fast. Easy, too!



Tastes wonderful!

anyone can make  
the "last-minute" dessert

Vanilla  
Chocolate  
Butterscotch  
Caramel  
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Nourishing, delicious, fun to eat!

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P.S. For **INSTANT NUT PUDDING**—quickly stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup coarsely chopped nuts after beating. Pour at once into serving dishes.

V-136M

# Rich Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake



**Bake it  
with MAGIC  
and serve it  
with pride!**

## INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES

2 cups sifted pastry flour  
or 1 3/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
3 1/2 tps. Magic Baking Powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
Pinch of grated nutmeg  
3 tbsps. fine granulated sugar  
1/2 cup chilled shortening  
1 egg, well beaten  
Milk  
Soft butter or margarine  
Sweetened sliced strawberries  
Lightly-sweetened whipped cream  
6 whole strawberries

Grease a cookie sheet. Preheat oven to 400° (hot). Mix and sift twice, then sift into a bowl, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, nutmeg and sugar. Cut in the shortening finely. Combine the well-beaten egg and 1/4 cup milk. Make a well in the flour mixture and add liquids; mix lightly with a fork, adding a little more milk, if necessary, to make a soft dough that is a little stiffer than a plain biscuit dough. Knead for 10 seconds on lightly-floured baking board and pat or roll out to 3/4-inch thickness; shape with floured 2 1/2-inch round cookie cutter. Arrange, well apart, on prepared cookie sheet; brush with milk. Bake in preheated oven 14 to 16 minutes. Split hot shortcakes and spread with butter or margarine; arrange bottom halves on individual serving plates and pile with sweetened sliced strawberries; cover with top halves of shortcakes. Top each shortcake with a spoonful of whipped cream—or with more fruit and cream—and add a whole berry. Yield—6 shortcakes.



*Magic costs less than 1¢  
per average baking*

## NO MAN'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR JANIE

*Continued from page 15*

so sure. Miss Finch said you'd ask that. I've been memorizing the dictionary to be able to say yes."

No little wandering star, this one, who would move on the minute she was worth her pay. No opportunist, early married and desiring to work just long enough to buy a television. This was the Canadian working girl, grade A, and because she was the last and therefore important, Miss Pilkins went at her a little differently.

"You've been away to college," she said slowly. "And on those evenings when the girls gathered in somebody's room to discuss marriage or a career, you wanted marriage."

For the first time the girl was not quite sure of herself.

"But you want a good marriage. One that will last. You're attractive. You've always had your share of dates. Therefore you feel no compulsion to pluck some youngster before he's ready. You can wait. You believe a girl should try her hand at making a living before she may need to. Is this correct?"

"Why yes-s-s," the girl said. "Yes, it is."

"You live at home probably. Most unmarried working girls in this town live at home. And this afternoon when you were ready to come down here your mother made you take off some lipstick, and she said you simply had to wear a hat and whatever you did not to smoke."

"Why Miss Pilkins — how in the world—"

"I'm retiring today. I'm just showing off. It's my last chance. But I can do better than that. This morning before your father started to work, he told you not to take the first job that was offered you, and not to be afraid to speak up. And right now he's probably calling your mother to see if she's heard and he's telling her not to worry, that of course you'll find the right place, because after all nothing's too good for Jane."

For an instant there was no sound.

"I'm afraid they're a little prejudiced," the girl said. "I apologize for them."

"Nothing's too good for Jane," Miss Pilkins said again and slowly. "It's a typical parental attitude these days, and not bad in its way. But let me give you a word of caution. Just don't let it be an epitaph," and then she discussed the job and the work it involved, and fifteen minutes later, she offered it to the girl, and the girl took it.

Then Miss Pilkins suggested that she show the girl where she would work, and they walked together down the long corridor, the one a little sad now at the very end of her active life, the other all youth and eagerness.

How wonderful it looked, this fine new world. Several men passed, surely none less than a vice-president, each well coated in the thick syrup of importance. An occasional underling darted by like a bright minnow, obviously on an errand which must be dispatched to the instant.

When Jane saw the huge room where she would have her desk with the other undersecretaries, she was a little frightened. But the girls to whom Miss Pilkins



introduced her were all friendly, and one followed them into the hall.

"Oh, Miss Pilkie," she said. "I can't bear to have you go," and Miss Pilkins said quickly, "Now no tears, Susie. Just remember me as the old crosspatch." She gave the girl a quick hug and she said, "This is Jane Mycroft. She's coming to work Monday. I want you to keep an eye on her for me," and the girl straightened up her face and looked at Jane and said, "Sure."

She was a nice ordinary little girl, as earthy and friendly as a puppy. Then she was gone and they had reached the elevator. Miss Pilkins was saying good-by.

"And if you come down to Pine Woods some week end," she said, "come and see me. It's the little brown cottage with the yellow shutters on the shore road. I'll always be interested in my girls. There's a telephone in the drugstore on the main floor. You better call your mother. She'll be waiting."

Then she was gone. Already she belonged to the past.

The girl stood alone, and it seemed to her there was something hushed, hur-

#### YOU WERE ASKING

#### *Chatelaine*

##### Question:

My living room is painted light grey; the chesterfield and chairs are dark green. What colors would you suggest for draperies and rug?  
—Mrs. C. H., Channel, Nfld.

##### Answer:

For the rug you might choose a medium green; attractive draperies would have a white or light-green background with green and gold design. For an accent color, use light yellow for small toss cushions or the slip cover on an occasional chair.

ried and vital even here in the hall. She stole a furtive look down the far wing where the executives had their offices, and she saw a door open and a young woman come toward her.

She was not like any young woman Jane had ever seen. She was not at all like the women professors, their fine polished heads so often attached to such everyday bodies. There was about her a lovely poised and detached perfection from the swirl of her hair to the cut of her simple expensive suit, all very businesslike yet in some subtle way still feminine. Jane watched her pass, and with that instinctive surging with which youth recognizes an ideal, she chose her. Not old Pilkie. Not earthy little Susie Miller. This was the one.

Going down in the elevator Jane spent her first three months' salary making herself over. Oh—nothing was right. Her hair was too long. Her nails were too short. Her heels were too low.

She had walked two blocks before she remembered to call home.

"But of course you got the job, dear," her mother said. "Didn't I tell you it was silly to be so nervous. Well, of course she

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Woodbury Shampoo...for all the heads of the family



## RECIPE Fish Fillets Fiesta



Cut 1 1/2 lbs. fish fillets in 2-inch strips, sprinkle with seasoning, and grated onion. Roll, fasten, and put in baking dish. Sprinkle with 5 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins and 5 tablespoons salad oil. Bake 20 min. at 400°. Thicken drippings with flour, as a sauce.



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## There wasn't a better-looking girl in town—except Miss Paget

was nice to you. Now hurry home. Dad will want to hear all about it. I know you're starved. I made a lemon chiffon pie, and I have a fine big thick sirloin."

And this was the beginning.

It was a pattern. It was a path worn by innumerable feet and edged with signposts to tell the way. But Jane didn't know it, and she didn't see the signs or read them.

Each morning she climbed into the car beside her father to go to work. When he had dropped her at the busy downtown corner and she walked up the street with the well-dressed men and women, all preoccupied and hurrying to their jobs, she felt part of something big and marvelous.

She was unsure of herself at first. She worked very hard, and kept her eyes open and her mouth shut. It was only to little Susie Miller she talked freely.

Susie had been three years in the town, sharing a small apartment with three other girls. Every month she sent home a cheque to help with the younger children. Every day she brought her lunch in a paper bag.

Susie had a big heart and no style at all. She made her own clothes. She cut her own hair, chopping cheerfully at the back locks with a pair of manicure scissors. The resultant stubble was becoming somehow to her pert small face.

Susie kept her casual promise to old Pilkie. She helped Jane in every way she could.

But there was one subject Jane avoided mentioning, even to Susie. Miss Paget, the chosen one. She sensed somehow that Susie would not understand her admiration. She feared her blunt judgment.

A transformation was taking place in Jane of which she was scarcely aware. Her father saw it, and spoke a few pungent words on the subject to his wife.

"Honestly, Marian," he said one day, "it's getting so bad I have to get up at half past five to beat her into the bathroom to shave. What in the world does she do in there? And have you looked into her closet lately? It bulges."

"And why not?" asked Jane's mother. "It's her own money she's spending. I like to see her have nice clothes and plenty of them. If she doesn't have them now, she may never have them. One of these days she'll be getting married and having babies and then it'll be croup and tonsils and kindergartens."

"Will it? I'm not so sure. If I were a young man I'd think twice about marrying a girl who was used to spending so much on herself. She's not worth the money she makes. That's one of the troubles. We ought to charge her board. She's growing too fastidious. She's getting to be one of those pernicky perfectionists."

It was true too. Each night Jane performed the working girl's rite. She washed out gloves, hose, girdle, slips and blouses and hung them on the shower rod, limp and dripping. And if it took a rite to get her into bed, it took no less than a ritual to get her off in the morning.

On the first fine spring Saturday when Jane hung her winter wardrobe to sun, the little housewife next door looked over

the fence at the soft wool suits, topcoats, skirts and whatnots, and drooled with envy. How wonderful to be free and independent, to spend so much money on yourself without even consulting a husband.

There was not a smart feminine frippery that Jane could not buy if she wished, and usually she did. Her dressing table housed a collection of perfumes, lotions, lipsticks, oils, powders, polishes and unguents sufficient to stock a beauty counter. The results were satisfactory. There wasn't a better-looking working girl in the whole town—except of course Miss Paget.

Miss Paget had everything. Miss Paget had her own private office with her name on the door and under it ASSISTANT TO THE VICE-PRESIDENT. Miss Paget had brains in her lovely head and an apartment in the best district. Miss Paget had a fine fur coat and a new yellow convertible which she called Lemon Drop. Also Miss Paget had a beau.

Harley Walton was one of the most eligible bachelors in town. He lived at the best country club. He was successful in his own business. He had a fine education and an excellent background. Furthermore he was so nice, with such charm of manner, that when he came to the office to pick up Miss Paget for a drive or a dinner date, there was not a woman employee, no matter what her age or state of preservation, who did not hope for a peek and wish she were in Paget's place. Except Susie.

She and Jane were leaving late one afternoon when Miss Paget and Mr. Walton passed them in the hall, a faint aroma of some exquisite essence lingering an instant in the air.

Susie stuck up her nose and sniffed. "Sixty dollars an ounce, I betcha," she said. "Probably he gave it to her for her birthday. What a privilege to be able to stand here and sniff it second-hand."

"Why Susie!"

"Oh I know, Jane. But how naïve can these smart girls be? Wouldn't you think she'd know she was wasting her time on a hummingbird?"

"Susie, he isn't..."

"You're sure about that? Well, let me tell you something. He won't marry her. Why should he? At that club where he lives they pick up after him, turn his bed down at night, and hand him a cup of coffee the minute he wakes up. And look at his clothes. Must have enough to start a haberdashery. He's spoiled. They're alike. They're both spoiled rotten."

"Susie, that's the most unfair..."

"Oh, I'm not saying he'll never marry, Jane. I'm saying he won't marry Miss Paget. Some little nitwit looking for her third husband will pluck him probably, and it will serve him right. But not Miss Paget. She's a fine person and that's what makes me so mad."

The elevator was coming now. Susie lowered her voice and spoke quickly.

"You know something, Jane? It's the superior girls who seem to have such a time in this world finding what they want and where they belong. They wait too



*Anne Leonard  
asks...*

Is your old refrigerator showing its age? ... Are you tired of shopping every other day? ... Is defrosting an absolute drudge? ... Is it difficult to get things in and out of your old refrigerator? ... then read what I think about the new 1956 Leonard Leisure Line:

I'm so excited about these new Leonard refrigerators—they're simply packed with wonderful features to keep food fresh and full of flavour.

All models have that wonderful Leonard full-width, cold-clear-to-the-floor design. This means less kitchen space and only once-a-week shopping for frozen food, regular foods or those used-all-the-time items.

In the cabinets the shelf arrangements will immediately take your fancy. A 4-way roll out shelf that holds bacon, eggs, bottles and small dishes. It rolls out, the eggs pop-up and everything is at your fingertips. Also a serving tray shelf that you can roll right out of the cabinet for party serving. Another is the 4-way magic shelf—it's divided into 4 sections you can rearrange to make extra room for bottles and bulky foods.

Other wonderful Leonard features are the butter and cheese chests ... porcelain enamel crispers ... the efficient, economical "Glacier" sealed unit and Magic Cycle automatic defrosting ... so fast that defrosting is over before even ice cream can soften.

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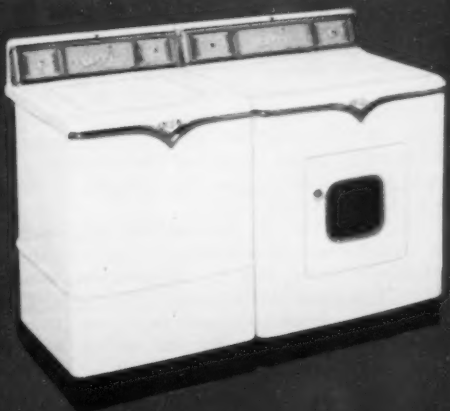


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long. They want too much. Thank heaven I'm just nice and ordinary."

She was indeed. Susie had grown up bereft of the pleasant advantages. Jane was determined not to hold this against her. She liked Susie anyway.

How fortunate she was by comparison. She was given a raise the first year, and early in the second one of the executives asked that she be made his personal secretary. She was free and independent, and she was happy.

She was grateful too. When she saw the girl down the street who had eloped at eighteen and was back home at twenty, one small cherub clinging to her skirts and another drooling on her neck, she said to herself, "Oh—no."

She wanted marriage of course as much as ever. But she was still young. There was plenty of time. Right under her nose in the big office were too many bright men who had married young, who had gone on growing after their wives had stopped. Not for anything would Jane wish to be such a wife.

Furthermore her taste was changing. Her old dates seemed young now and callow, compared to the men who streamed through the office each day. She still went out with some of her old friends of course. She was still part of the old crowd with which she had grown up, part of the gay holiday parties.

Time passed quickly and successfully, marred only by an occasional twinge of warning.

Susie had been right. Harley Walton did not marry Miss Paget. It was reported via the office grapevine that he had been seen dancing with a stunning brunette, said to be a rich widow, thrice divorced. When he came to the office, it was only on business.

Jane was sure the break was of Miss Paget's choosing, and certainly Miss Paget did not seem to mind it in the least. She went to Europe that summer and came back lovelier than ever.

The old crowd began to scatter a little that next year, and for the first time Jane had long and quiet week ends. But just when she was beginning to worry a new young man came to work for the firm and gave her a fine big rush.

His name was Newton Dobbs, a pleasant young man who hung around the house each Sunday talking politics to Jane's father, his appetite enormous, his socks like as not dangling ankleward, his wallet always too flat to afford any dissipation bigger than a movie.

But Jane was grateful to Newt Dobbs. He was useful for two months. He tided her over a bad spot, and when her social life picked up a bit, she did a good deed and disposed of a nuisance in one simple act. She turned Newt over to Susie.

"I hope you don't mind having a whack at him secondhand," she said.

"Mind? Why honey, I'm glad to get a try at a good man any old hand. I just hope he likes me."

For a moment Susie looked almost pretty, her piquant little face lifted and glowing.

"I've been watching Newton around the office," she admitted shyly. "I like him. Just think, Jane. All that wonderful basic material just waiting for a good hand to stir him down and go to work on him."

After this Newt Dobbs hung around the house no longer, and no one missed him except perhaps Jane's father.

"What's happened to that young man, the big talker, the one whose socks were

always slipping?" he asked, and when Jane told him Newton was going around now with Susie Miller, he took it thoughtfully.

"Smart boy," he said dryly. "Always thought he had brains in that head."

Three months later little Susie Miller came to work with a ring on her finger, and had to show it, of course, to everyone.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Susie, her voice awed before such happiness. "Isn't it the loveliest thing?" and then she laughed and she said, "If it were any smaller it would be invisible to the naked eye, wouldn't it?" and everyone laughed with Susie and swore it was the nicest ring yet seen in the land. And when the office hat was passed the following week to buy Susie a wedding present, each dug a little deeper into the pocket than he could afford.

Jane felt responsible for Susie's future and too well she knew where it lay. In a little walk-up apartment and Susie still working, hurrying home each night to get dinner and spending each week end in a flurry of washing, cleaning and marketing. And when the baby arrived in a year or so in some new suburb in a box-like little house, insufficiently insulated and boiling hot in summer.

Jane contributed to the office hat and gave Susie a personal gift as well, ex-

☆ ☆ ☆

## SAD TRUTH OF THE BACHELOR

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

**Though loud his freedom's vaunted,  
Remember, he's a chap  
Whom so far no girl's wanted  
Bad enough to trap!**

☆ ☆ ☆

ceeded in magnificence only by that of Miss Paget.

When Susie saw the automatic coffee maker with Miss Paget's card, a queer look crossed her face.

"I wish she hadn't sent it," she said. "She didn't need to send it. She ought to know me better than that."

For a minute Jane thought that Susie considered Miss Paget's gift as a kind of bribe. She waited hopefully for Susie to explain, but Susie didn't.

Susie worked for a year after her marriage and then dropped out to have a baby. Jane had little time to miss her. She'd had another raise. She had a small blue convertible which she called Gum Drop. She had an office of her own adjoining the big room of the elderly executive for whom she worked. She had her name on the door. So soon she was one of the older girls to whom the youngsters just out of school looked with awe and admiration.

Sometimes she had also a moment of downright uneasiness. Something had changed for which she'd had no warning. Only two or three years ago almost all the men she knew were unmarried like herself. Now the reverse was true. Yet it had happened so gradually she had not been aware of it.

It was surprising how trigger-balanced were her emotions. Her favorite date was a boy now in medical school. They had discussed marriage often, agreeing that as yet it was quite impractical. When she heard one day that he had been ma-



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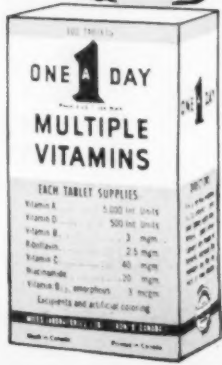
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noeuvred unexpectedly to the altar, she was sure it was by a scheming snippet, and she resented her sight unseen and fiercely. Not for anything would she be capable of such wiles and tactics.

When the rumor crept through the office that Miss Paget had been seen in a night club in the nearby city, holding hands with the first vice-president who was married, Jane refused to believe it. One night working late, she saw them together and knew it to be true. This was the reason for Miss Paget's wedding gift to Susie. This was what Susie had known long ago.

Jane spoke of it to no one except Susie who came downtown for lunch and to buy her layette. She expressed herself with a resentment so scathing it surprised her.

Susie took it calmly.  
"Don't be too hard on her, honey," she said. "Betcha she's still a nice girl. Just dabbling her toes in the edge of the puddle. She's smart enough to find out it's muddy."

"Nonsense, Susie, it's the most..."  
"Look Jane," said Susie earnestly. "Miss Paget probably hasn't had a date since the hummingbird. She's still young. She's attractive. She's a woman. Some girls can get along easily without attention. She's finding it tough. That's all."

Jane took a cruise on her vacation the next summer. The ship was fine. The food was excellent. The scenery was superb. The weather was perfect. And there were twelve women on board to each man.

Susie's baby was born while Jane was gone. When she went out to see him in the little house Susie and Newton were buying, she was surprised to see how much taste and imagination they had put into the place. Newton had changed greatly. He was sure of himself now. He was more mature.

It pleased Jane of course. At the same time she resented it just a little. It seemed unfair that a nice earthy little girl like Susie should find so easily the place she belonged, while she had to worry and wait.

She was asked to speak several times that year at various women's club functions. She was considered the perfect prototype of a working girl who was successful and attractive.

Her mother said, "Of course I want you to marry, Jane. I want it more than anything else for you. But you'll find it very hard to give up your independence. Men are difficult. You can say what you want. Why even your father..."

Her friends said, "It'll take an unusual man to interest you, Jane."

Her father said nothing.

Jane was a little under par that spring. She spent the week ends outdoors and swallowed fat vitamin pills, nine cents each. Even her employer noticed she was thin and white and suggested a week off.

She drove by herself to Pine Woods up north. The room she rented was charming. The weather was perfect. The scenery was superb. And at every lunch and dinner the same thing happened. It was a resort town with many tearooms. Each meal she tried a different one, choosing a small table for two with a view, and scarcely was she seated before the hostess would ask if she would mind if Miss or Mrs. So-and-so shared her table? Some nice-looking woman would sit down and presently she would smile shyly and she would say, "Now that I'm alone," or "Now that I'm retired..."

It upset Jane badly. She ate early or late. She took long walks by the lake and one afternoon she passed a small brown cottage with yellow shutters, the name Pilkins on the gate. She did not go in of course. She hastened by. For the first time she remembered old Pilkie, remembered her vividly. Even the pines seemed to whisper Pilkie's words, "Nothing's too good for Jane. But let me give you a word of caution. Just don't let it become an epitaph."

She drove home the next day. When she walked into her room and saw on the dressing table the array of perfumes, oils, unguents, polishes and whatnot they looked repulsive, and she picked up the wastebasket and swept them into it with a deafening clatter.

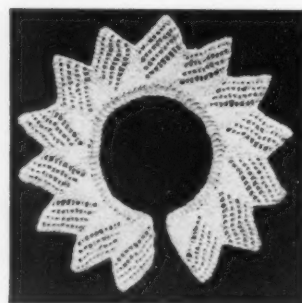
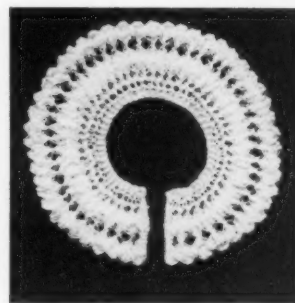
Her mother rushed in to see what had happened.

"I don't understand what's gotten into Jane," she said to her husband.

"Nice sound," he said laconically. "Been waiting for it a long time."

When Jane returned to work, she found her old poise waiting. She was back

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where she belonged. How fine to hear her employer expressing gratitude at her return. The substitute had done everything wrong. Thank heaven she was back. And how flattering to have the eyes of the newest girl employee follow her with such obvious awe. How pleasant to have Harley Walton stop by her desk.

He had never done so before. He was looking at her with open admiration, as if he were seeing her for the first time.

"Miss Mycroft," he said, "I wonder if you would like to have dinner with me tomorrow night. I thought perhaps we could drive out to the Coral Reef. It's been reopened. If you haven't seen it yet, I think you might enjoy it." And Jane heard herself saying yes she would, and since it was time for the morning coffee break she walked with him into the corridor and stood with him waiting for the elevator. What a charming picture they made. Not a female employee passed to the big secretarial room where the girls gathered for coffee who did not long to be in Jane's place.

Then the elevator had taken him. She was alone, and when she turned to join the others she saw Miss Paget standing to one side, very still and watching her.

They stood motionless, two of a kind. "We're just alike, aren't we?" said Miss Paget. "Two bright successful women and as stupid as they come. Welcome, Jane."

There was no malice in her voice, no triumph in her eyes, only understanding and a little sadness. Then she turned and was gone.

Jane walked slowly to join the other girls in the big room. She poured her coffee and picked up the cup, and it was then there happened a minor miracle.

In came Susie.

"How do you like my big ole baby," said Susie, holding him up for all the girls to see. "It's his first trip downtown. Yesterday he was Mister Bratski all day long. I was ready to give him away. Oh—I hated him passionately. But today he's so sweet I thought I better bring him quick while it lasts."

All the girls clustered around Susie.

"Let me hold him—oh, Susie, let me hold him."

"Sure — now don't be afraid — he doesn't bite. Not yet anyway. I want to speak to Jane a minute," and Susie drew Jane to one side.

"Look honey," she said. "I want you to come to dinner tomorrow. Have a man I want you to meet. He's your kind, Jane. He's nice. He's not spoiled. He's going places too. He's new to this town, and he's lonely."

"I'd like to come," Jane said humbly. "Thank you, Susie. I'll have to break a date but it didn't amount to anything anyway."

"And listen, Jane. Leave Gum Drop at home. Don't you see? Then he'll take you home. He isn't buying a car until next month but it won't kill you to ride the bus."

"I'll bring the dessert, Susie. I'll get mother to make one of her — no I won't. I'll make it myself when I get home tonight."

When Susie had collected her son and said good-by, Jane returned to her own office. She sat down at the adjustable desk breathing the filtered air kept winter or summer at a precise temperature.

Now there was a difference. She knew now what she had to do and already she had begun to do it. She had drawn the first nail from the fine box in which she had trapped herself so beautifully. ♦

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- 4 NO GUESSWORK** — Results are sure every time if you follow Certo's kitchen-tested recipes.



## Try this quick, easy recipe **HOMEMADE STRAWBERRY JAM**

4 cups prepared fruit (about 2 quarts ripe berries and 2 lemons)

7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar  
1/2 bottle Certo fruit pectin\*

*To prepare fruit.* Crush completely, one layer at a time, about 2 quarts fully ripe berries. Measure 3 3/4 cups into a large saucepan; add 1/4 cup lemon juice.

*To make jam.* Add sugar to fruit in saucepan. Mix well. Place over high heat, bring to a full,

rolling boil and boil hard one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; at once stir in Certo. Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Ladle into glasses. Paraffin at once.

*Yield* — about 10 medium glasses (5 pounds).

\* Or, if you prefer Certo Crystals, use recipe in Certo Crystals package.



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# 7 WAYS TO TELL A GOOD BUY

*Good taste isn't measured in dollars. Whether you spend \$20 or \$200 here's how to get more fashion for your money*

BY VIVIAN WILCOX *Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor*



A good buy is a good buy in what way? Dollars saved? High fashion? Long life? A good buy is certainly not synonymous with a bargain because every woman has had the experience of buying a bargain that turned into a white elephant and hung in her cupboard—unworn and unloved. No. A good buy is something you wear and wear and bless the day you bought it every time you put it on. A good buy parades your best points, camouflages your worst ones. It gives a short woman the feeling that she's tall, gives a drab woman vitality, makes the woman in the street look like the woman of fashion. A good buy is what every woman is looking for because it gives her that priceless quality—an illusion of beauty.

Fifty years ago only the wealthy who could afford to travel to London, Paris and New York to the great dressmakers could afford to be fashionable. But today, thanks to magazines, newspapers, movies and TV everyone can know the latest fashions. And thanks to mass production and miracle fabrics everyone can afford to wear them.

The well-dressed woman is the woman who translates the fashion story in terms of herself—her looks, her life. She is the woman who can say with assurance "This is for me" and "That would be lovely on somebody else." This kind of assurance takes time, ruthless self-appraisal and scrupulous study of what is good fashion. It cannot be acquired overnight. But it can be acquired.



IS IT BECOMING?

IS IT APPROPRIATE?



Sketches by JEAN MILLER.



## 1. FIRST ASK YOURSELF "IS IT BECOMING?"

Some women are never quite sure. Others know whether an outfit will become them even before they try it on. They know because they know themselves. They have studied their good points, their bad points—and what clothes will improve them. If you could do with a little more of this self-knowledge get a pencil, paper, tape measure, scales and a full-length mirror. Then record your personal statistics. Are you tall or short?

From a fashion point of view five feet six inches is tall and if you are tall you are lucky because you can wear almost any style—that is if your other measurements are equally ideal. If you are under five foot six you will have to be more careful—see that collars, sleeves, accessories are scaled to your size.

Necklines are a focal point. Turtlenecks and Chinese collars are for the swans, big collars for the tall, bateau necklines for those who want width and portrait

necklines for those with beauty to portray.

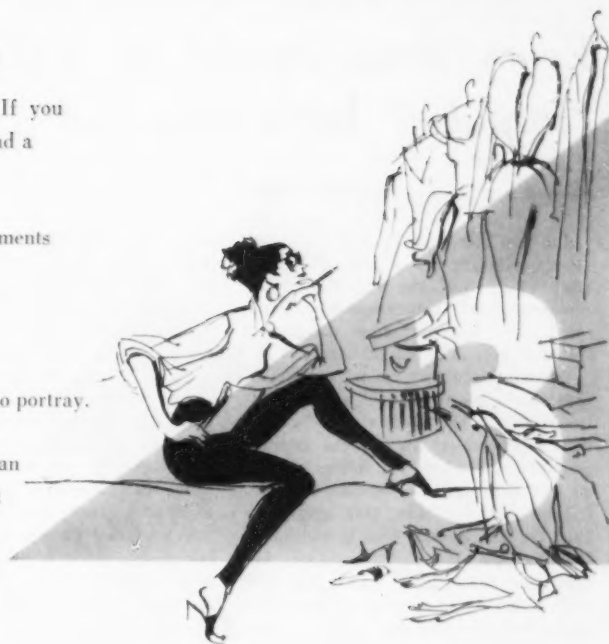
Although some of today's smartest dresses slither past the waist with barely an acknowledgement—it's important that you be quite familiar with yours, that you know whether you are

DOES IT FIT?



WILL IT WEAR?

DO I FEEL AT HOME IN IT?



WILL IT GO WITH THE CLOTHES I HAVE?

normal, short- or long-waisted. If you are normal or long-waisted the brief *caraco* jacket and the fashionable Empire dress are for you. If you are short-waisted you probably look best in longer jackets, in overblouses, and in dresses with hip rather than bodice detail. In either case you might try a beltless style . . . slim and fluid from shoulders to hem.

Make sure the hem is where it should be. The current fashion is about mid-calf. Don't be misled by any rule of "inches off the floor." Fifteen inches is mid-calf on one woman, knee-high on another. And don't forget to consider your legs as well as fashion.

And now about heel heights. Fashionably speaking, when hemlines go down heels usually go up. Remember this: only the long-legged woman can look really smart in flat-heeled shoes.

Finally, if you are not sure what lines are becoming, think over the clothes you've worn the past few years.

Which netted you the most compliments?

Were the necklines high or low? Were the skirts wide or narrow? Analyze these clothes and you'll find the clue to what lines and colors are most becoming to you. Now about color. A woman with dark hair and skin can usually wear vivid reds, orange, and electric blue. A blonde looks particularly smart in black and pastels. But don't be color-bound by rules. Or by a friend's casual pronouncement: "With a skin like yours, you must never wear rose (or yellow or green)." Drape the fabric around your shoulders and let the reflection in your mirror be the judge.

And remember, your own coloring changes. At sixty you'll find you can wear colors you might not have considered at twenty-six. Remember too that modern cosmetics can change your coloring.

By choosing the proper foundation, powder, lipstick and nail polish you can wear almost any color you wish.



WILL I GET MY MONEY'S WORTH IN FASHION?

# Every dress should do something special for you. Above all avoid "impulse" buys that end up, unloved and unworn, in your cupboard

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

But how much color? Are you stout? Then use bright colors only as accents. Tall? Then your skirt and blouse may contrast. Short? Then choose them in the same color and introduce the second color, if any, in shoes or bag.

What color when? Colors have character. Some are young, old, sombre, gay, businesslike. The colors you choose should depend on the type of garment you want and where you intend to wear it. For instance, one woman executive I know has fair skin, blue eyes, grey hair. On her, powder blue is wonderful. It makes her skin look translucent, her eyes bluer and it lights up her hair. She loves it but never wears it to the office. Apart from the fact that it doesn't look businesslike, she says she never *feels* businesslike in it. Her solution: just a touch of powder blue with deep-blue, grey and black business clothes; complete costumes in the pastel shade for evenings and week ends.

How do you combine colors? Take brown—an important color this fall. One way to plan your fall wardrobe would be to have everything brown—the same shade—from head to toe. No one would question your taste. But neither would anyone single you out as an imaginative and interesting person. How much smarter to combine several shades of brown or to choose one tone such as tobacco and combine it with black or grey. Or take blue as your basic and lift it out of the ordinary by sparking it with green. And remember, one touch of bright color is dramatic. Too many and you look spotty—you've lost the effect.

**2. Is it appropriate?** No matter how smart an outfit may be if it is not appropriate to the places you go and the things you do, then it is not a good buy.

Some clothes are urban, some are suburban and some commute happily back and forth. If you are a young suburban homemaker a classic camel-hair coat is a good buy because it is equally suitable for driving in the country, shopping at the supermarket, wheeling the baby carriage, visiting friends and going to church. If you are an ambitious business girl you would be smart to invest a large proportion of your clothing budget in a dress or suit for the office.

Beware of the "special occasion" dress. A décolleté or floor-length number is fine—if you have opportunities to wear it. If you haven't, it's one of the most expensive things you can buy. And so usually are the clothes bought on impulse. Usually they're novelties of some sort. One business woman was intrigued by a gay, shell-trimmed, straw bag. It wasn't suitable for her big-city life or her dark, big-city clothes but she bought it anyway. After a year in which it seldom left her closet, she sent it to a rummage sale. Another woman, who planned to summer at a resort, bought it. For her it was a good buy.

**3. Will it go with the clothes I already have?** The smartest as well as the most economical wardrobe is the planned wardrobe. So before you buy any fall clothes make an inventory of what you already have. Beside each major item

(coat, suit, dress) list the hat, shoes and bag that go with it. As you write each item down, examine it, try it on. Then start two other lists—one for cleaning and repairs and one for shopping (new hat for brown coat—must also go with beige dress, yellow dress, grey suit—could be rust or brown).

If your budget is limited you would be wise to plan everything around one basic color—that of your coat and the accessories that go with it. If you have more to spend, you may have more color units. The important thing is to think of every purchase in terms of what you will wear with it—the head-to-toe effect.

**4. Does it fit?** Some women think that if a dress is their size (or even a size smaller) that's all that matters. Sizes are not exactly standard but they

are much more standard than figures. And your dress should fit your figure—your perfectly corseted figure. Even the slim young figure can benefit from the services of a trained *corsetière*. First get the foundation, then the outer wear.

Expert alterations can often give a dress off the rack a made-to-order fit. To check the fit move about—sit down, walk around. Make sure there is no strain on buttons, zippers or seams, no creases or folds across the back, that the shoulder-line and waistline correspond exactly with yours. If the waist is short, could be it's a junior size and you should be wearing a misses. If the jacket is too brief to proportion your figure becomingly, try another style; if it is too long, make sure it can be shortened without spoiling the line. Check the sleeve length, hem,

**5. Will I get my money's worth in wear?** It's worth paying for quality if you want long service. A winter coat which you put on every day five months a year for two or three years has to take much more wear than a party dress. It will pay you to spend a great deal more on the coat.

The same is true of accessories. If you must choose between an extra dress and really handsome leather shoes and bag, get the latter. Better have one topnotch outfit than two that are only so-so.

**6. Will I get my money's worth in fashion?** Two types of clothes repay long-term investment and the well-balanced wardrobe contains both—one for safety and one for excitement. The first is the classic. Examples: the opera pump, the simple cardigan, the polo coat. The other is—and this may surprise you—high style. Not fads but incoming fashions. A style that is shown everywhere is not incoming. It has arrived. It may be fine to put on immediately, wear hard and discard at the end of the season. Next year it will be dated. Incoming fashions are featured in current magazines as trends to watch. Your investment in these will last several seasons.

This fall, look for these trends: the Empire line will be as strong as ever—with inspiration stemming not only from the First Empire period (1799-1815) and Dior's interpretations of it, but from the pre-World War I fashions (also Empire-inspired) which are worn in the Grace Kelly movie, *The Swan*. Watch for drapes, bands and seams at the bosom or just below and a more fluid line from bosom to hem. Watch for high-placed back detail—seams, bands and floating panels. Watch for low-placed martingales and blousing. Watch for more fullness in coats—achieved by flat folds or pleats at back or sides. Watch for capes, hoods, shoes with pointed toes and slivery heels.

Watch for reports and pictures of the Paris fall openings. Study the originals in the magazines and in the shops. Examine them critically—lines, colors, fabrics, workmanship. Only by familiarizing yourself with the best that fashion has to offer will you recognize the best in your price range.

**7. Finally, ask yourself, "Do I feel at home in it?"** If a dress makes you feel self-conscious it is too expensive regardless of what it cost. But if you have answered "yes" to all the preceding questions, the only reason this one could rate a negative is that it's more extreme than the clothes you are accustomed to wearing. Every really new silhouette and skirt length seems extreme at first. It takes the eye a while to grow accustomed to change. Could it be you need a little more pioneer spirit? Have you *tried* a beltless dress? Have you *tried* one of the new bulkier hats?

There once was a shy young lady who always bought dresses of indeterminate line—blousy dresses with fullish skirts—the better to hide in. Always until one fatal day when she was high-pressured into buying a fashionable sheath. She wore it to a party. Never, never, had she received so many compliments. And never did she buy a shapeless dress again. ♦

## WHICH LINE IS YOURS?

Know yourself, and you'll choose lines for flattery at these three focal points—neckline, hem and waist

DEEP LINE FOR A SHORT NECK; TURTLENECKS ARE FOR SWANS.

HEMLINES FLATTER MOST WOMEN AT ABOUT MID-CALF; DON'T GO BY "INCHES OFF THE FLOOR."

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We've been talking to motorists coast to coast  
and here's what women drivers tell us:

# I do like courtesy

I suppose I'm like most other members of my sex—I do like courtesy!  
And that's one reason why I particularly like the service at  
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You see, the attendants are so prompt, friendly and obliging.  
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## CHATELAINE'S INVITATION TO BEAUTY



## Get Your Money's Worth of Beauty

BY VIVIAN WILCOX

**Ask yourself** . . . How, exactly, do you buy your cosmetics? Because your best friend, Marge, tells you ecstatically that such-and-such is "simply marvelous" (for her)? Or because the bottle is shaped like a pink-tinted teardrop—and you've always loved pink? Neither, of course, we hope. Our bouquet goes to the level-headed lass who knows her skin and hair idiosyncrasies down to the last pore, and buys accordingly. Check your own cosmetic IQ by the number of old, half-used bottles and jars in your dressing-table drawer. If the tally is over two, then it's time you got to know yourself. Do it this way. Look at yourself critically and make a list (hair—dry, with split ends; skin—inclined to be sallow, and so on). Then let this list steer your shopping.

**Spend freely on these** . . . The fine, efficient *cleansers*—creams, lotions, or soaps, whichever your skin likes best. Along with these, the *skilled preparations* which cope with your skin's special fidgets—blackheads, wrinkles, you know them all. Plus the *tissues*, the fluffy washcloths and cotton balls to use them with. Buy the giant, economy-size jars and bottles—they do save pennies in the end. And remember that a good preparation doesn't have to cost the earth. It may come in a modest little jar or a pretty colored one, but if it does the right things for your skin—that's a good product. Let your friends and relations know your particular loves. At gift-giving time, who knows, you may get a whole year's supply for yourself at one go.



**Hair** (cutting and shaping) positively demands a certain, regular amount of your beauty budget. Nothing screams as loudly as a messy head of hair; nothing wins more compliments than a glossy, well-groomed one. But think twice before embarking on a permanent hair-coloring spree. The constant payments will rip through your beauty bank faster than a runaway horse.

**Good buys** . . . a skin cleanser that combines the action of cream plus soap and water; a flower-fresh cologne with built-in deodorant; creamy lipstick that clings, colorfully, to your lips for hours and keeps them soft and satiny.

Perfume is worth its weight in gold for the lift it gives you. Other spirit-lifters: bright color rinses to wash highlights into your hair; mascara and eye-liner, to make even a dear little mouse of a face look interesting; for finger and toe tips, flaming pink nail polish to make a tan seem tanner.

Time, as much as anything else, will make a prettier girl of you. Time to brush your hair a hundred times, to cream your face and bend from the waist. Where to find it is your problem, but if you care enough (and we think you do) you'll somehow find time to look pretty. ♦



## Here's where to buy your *Elizabeth Arden* preparations

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- CALGARY....Hudson's Bay Company
- CORNWALL....Fullerton Drug Stores
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Hudson's Bay Company
- HALIFAX.....The Robert Simpson Eastern Limited  
The Wood Brothers Co. Limited
- HAMILTON....The G. W. Robinson Co. Limited  
Simpsons-Sears Limited
- KINGSTON.....Mahood Drug Co.
- LONDON.....Cairncross & Lawrence Limited  
Simpsons London Limited
- MONTREAL....Dupuis Freres Limitee  
Henry Morgan & Co. Limited  
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- ST. CATHARINES.Potter & Shaw Ltd.
- ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.....Ayre & Sons, Limited
- SASKATOON....Pinder's Drug Stores
- SAULT STE. MARIE.....Lawrence's Drug Store
- VANCOUVER.....The T. Eaton Co. Limited  
Hudson's Bay Company  
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- VICTORIA...The T. Eaton Co. Limited  
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the sun looks  
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*Ardena Suntan Oil...* gives a smooth, shining, deep bronze tan. 1.50, 2.00. In binocular case, 5.00

*Ardena Sun-Pruf Lotion...* promotes a smooth golden tan; gives a protective screen against sun. Non-sticky, non-oily —salt water will not wash it off. 1.50

## TO STAY FAIR...

*Ardena Sun Bloc Lotion...* is the most protective preparation against burning and tanning, for keeping the skin fair. Light, non-oily, it dries instantly, stays on while you swim. 2.50

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*Velva Leg Film...* pre-tans your legs; is cooler, less expensive than stockings; stays on while swimming. 1.25

*Ardena Eight Hour Cream...* a cooling, soothing boon for seared skin, chapped lips and cold sores. 1.75, 2.75

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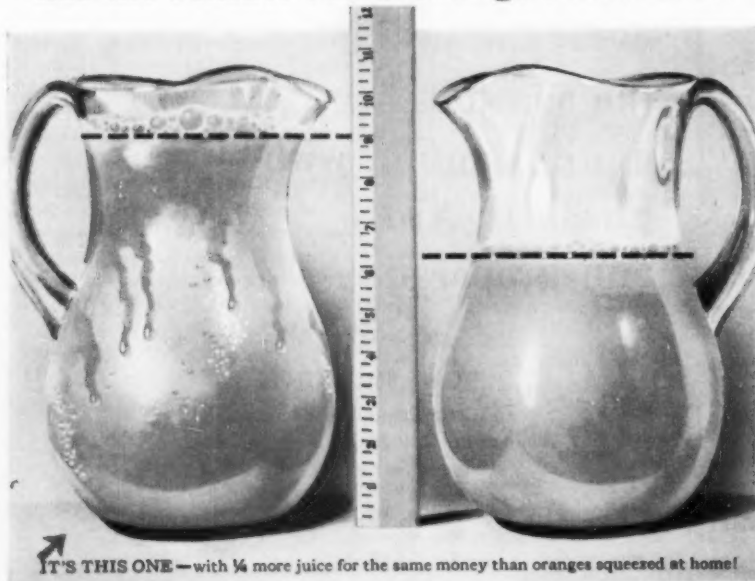
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- You get  $\frac{1}{4}$  more Dietary Minerals...

When you drink Minute Maid "you can almost taste the sunshine!"



## WHEN DOES GOSSIP BECOME A VICE?

Continued from page 18

And you know how gossip will snowball!"

To halt a piece of gossip is like trying to cover Pandora's box. Margaret made excuses to talk to two or three neighbors and told them as laughingly as she could about Ronnie's mistake. She could only hope they would pass the word along.

"That happened a year ago," she said. "Ever since then I've had to be extra careful that Ronnie never appeared on the street with a dirty face or torn clothes. I've tried to forget about it, be natural with my neighbors, but that little piece of gossip almost ruined this neighborhood for me."

Margaret's case is fairly straightforward. Jimmy's mother didn't like her and might easily have spread the story, you say. You, yourself might be absolutely sure you would never be guilty of this kind of loose talk. But are you really sure? What about your best friend, Jane, to whom you've told practically everything for the last fifteen years—always, of course, with the warning, "Of course, this may not be true and you mustn't say a word to anyone about it"? Are you sure Jane hasn't someone — her husband or sister—to whom she also tells almost everything?

Gossip is not the exclusive vice of the ignorant. In fact, a study in 1942 by the U. S. Office of Wartime Information showed that people who rated as well informed showed a greater tendency to pass on rumors and gossip than those considered poorly informed. To the well-informed, apparently, more issues seem important, worth thinking and talking about. It was also found that people who take a greater part in social activities were more rumor-prone than those who were isolated. Working women, for example, heard and spread more stories than their home-tied sisters. Teachers, especially those who teach young children, are entrusted with many family secrets and, like doctors and ministers, must guard against passing them on.

Why do we gossip?

There are two main reasons and they are both tied up with our desire to enhance our own self-importance. First of all, it boosts our ego to show others that we have the inside story or to say, in effect, "I know something you don't know." It's the scoop complex in us. We feel like the Walter Winchells of our circle. Being "in the know" makes us feel important and while we tell a story we dominate our listeners.

The second reason we gossip is to build ourselves up by tearing someone else down. When we repeat a story that destroys the good name or reputation of another person, we are enjoying a temporary feeling of superiority by comparison. It's interesting to note that the people who are gossiped about most are generally people who are envied by their neighbors, or people who, by being different from their neighbors, become the centre of curiosity.

A few years ago, when I was editor of a weekly newspaper in Rouyn, Que., I heard a fascinating story about a woman who was giving her children away. She lived, I was told, about eight miles from Rouyn, had just given away the third of her six children and was trying

to get rid of the rest. Her husband, the story went, had left her and was now in Labrador. She was a woman who didn't mix much with the rest of the district.

"But weren't the children legally adopted?" I asked.

"No, in fact from what I hear, she might be selling them."

I drove out to ask her about it. She was washing her kitchen floor when I knocked. Several children stood around as we talked. She was not surprised to hear the story. She started off by counting her children for me—four with us in the kitchen and two others in bed. Her voice was tense as she told me that the rumor had somehow been spread all around her town as well as Rouyn. Two ministers had been out from Rouyn to ask if she wanted to have her children adopted legally.

"I had an awful time trying to convince them that I had not the slightest intention of parting with any of them," she said. At this point she broke into sobs.

When she could speak again I asked, "But what could possibly have started all this talk?" The only explanation she could give was the fact that the youngest child had been born just two months previously, and, to give the mother a break,

☆ ☆ ☆

## HOUSE PEST

By P. J. Blackwell

The casual smoker stashes  
His irritating ashes  
On window sills, piano keys,  
In pots containing rubber trees,  
On china, chiefly ornamental,  
And rugs, especially Oriental,  
In vases, on upholstered chairs,  
And on the carpet on the stairs.  
Why must he be so keen  
On keeping ash trays clean?

☆ ☆ ☆

a friend had looked after the next youngest, just a year old, for a few weeks.

Was her husband in Labrador, and had he abandoned her? Neither. He was working for a diamond drilling company in Calgary. He had waited until the baby was born before leaving, and had signed over a good part of his pay to her.

In my newspaper I published the true story of The Woman Who Gives Her Babies Away, and I heard no more of it.

It's also an interesting fact about gossip — and revealing — that psychologists say we tend to attack in others the weaknesses we deplore most in ourselves. For example, a woman who is always talking about other women flirting is probably a woman who would like to do a little flirting herself—but feels too inhibited—or seldom gets the opportunity. The woman who is always pointing out her neighbor's extravagances might well feel resentful that she has to keep to a strict budget herself. Psychologists call this "projection."

Besides being harmful, gossip is usually actually untrue. Why? Because the average person is unable to retell a story he has heard without unintentionally altering the facts, putting emphasis on some parts and dropping others largely because of faulty memory. A Princeton psychologist, George Horsely Smith, has proved this scientifically by a variation of an old parlor game.

A picture is flashed on a screen. While



A waits where he cannot see the picture, B, who is watching it, describes it to him. Then C comes into the room and also stands out of sight of the picture, while A tells him from memory what is in the scene. D then comes in and has the description repeated to him by C and so on, until the scene has been described, from memory, seven or eight times.

Even with the brief time lapse in this test, it is remarkable how a story is altered. Memory begins to change immediately following a perception. By the fourth repetition, sometimes as early as the first or second, important changes to the facts are made. In one test, based on a picture which showed a white man and a Negro apparently having an argument, a straight razor held in the hand of the white man had often, by the end of the sequence, been transferred to the hand of the Negro and instead of merely being held, was being flourished menacingly. When Negroes were tested, however, the razor remained in the hand of the white man. This illustrates how we tend to alter stories to fit our preconceived prejudices and notions.

For successful gossip two conditions are needed, according to Harvard psychologists Gordon W. Allport and Leo Postman, who have made a three-year study of the subject. First, before a piece of gossip will interest you, it must have significance for you. You will not be interested, for example, in a story overheard in a bus about a Mrs. Dobson unless you happen to know a Mrs. Dobson.

The second requirement is this: the true facts must be shrouded in some kind of ambiguity. If you know the facts about a situation, you are unlikely to gossip about it. For instance, if the president of

the women's club does not show up for three consecutive meetings, and no explanation is given, gossip will swirl about her lack of interest, her health, her competing interests, her dislike for other members of the executive, perhaps her marital troubles or the possibility she has been seen attending other functions. But if, the first time she is absent, it is announced that she is away on a trip, or that she has pneumonia, there will be no gossip—at least none based on her absence—because the facts are known.

In the following case a husband's perfectly innocent attempt to keep certain facts from his wife almost ruined their marriage—all because wives gossiped.

On a Monday evening John Simpson's wife, Helen (these are not their real names), returned from visiting next door to hear him break off his phone conversation and hang up. He said it was a wrong number.

Helen dismissed it from her mind, but the memory came back to bother her on Wednesday when a girl friend casually mentioned that late the previous afternoon another friend had seen John hurrying out of the Johnsons' home. Muriel Johnson was an extremely attractive young housewife.

"She must be mistaken," said Helen, but when John came home she told him the ridiculous story, watched his face while he denied it and knew it was true.

If her girl friend had held her tongue, by Saturday Helen would have learned that John had bought a dress for her birthday and had asked Muriel to wrap it.

But Helen brooded all day Thursday. That evening, she went to a movie with a couple of neighbors. Over coffee after the show she returned from the ladies'

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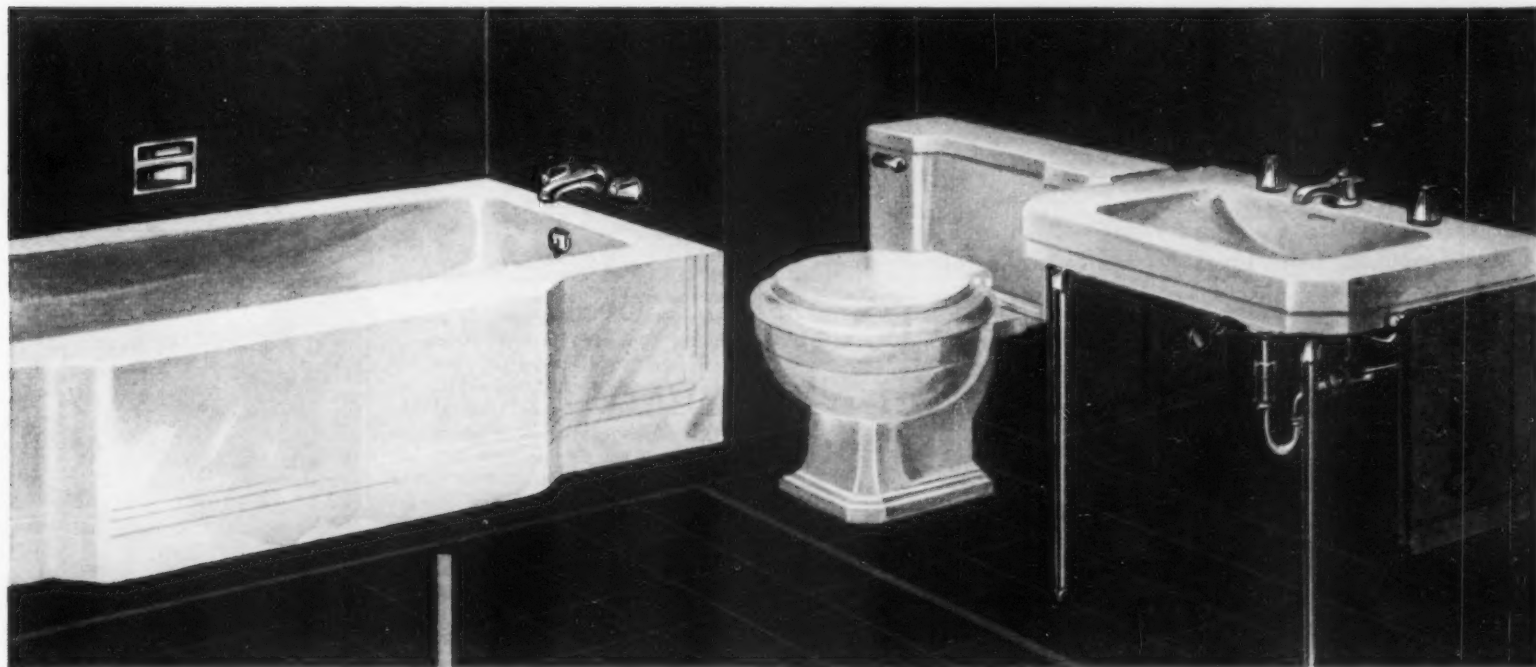
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room just in time to overhear Muriel's name, and when she sat down there was an embarrassed silence. She didn't go home that night but to her mother's house. John learned she was there when he phoned about 3 a.m.

By Saturday morning John was so angry he went to the Johnsons', collected the dress, took it home and threw it down the basement stairs. By Saturday afternoon Helen's mother had convinced her to talk with John and she arrived home, a tearful, heartsick wife facing a frustrated, angry husband. She told him what she knew. He explained. She didn't believe him at first. He called Muriel who confirmed his story, but Helen was still doubtful and John angrier than ever.

It was days before the dress was taken from its torn wrapper. Eventually John and Helen said the right things and the matter was closed. But Helen wore the dress only once, and a breach was left in the marriage, all because of gossip.

What can we do to stop gossip?

First of all, if we hear a story that we know is untrue or we strongly suspect is untrue, we should say so, and emphatically. Never try to track a rumor to its source. It's like trying to trap quicksilver, because people either can't or won't tell where they heard the story. But we can stop the story dead when it reaches us.

The second thing we can do is never repeat a story that might do someone harm, especially if we are not completely sure of all the facts in the story.

The third thing we can do—and this is by far the most difficult—is to guard our tongues and minds, so that we never are guilty of coloring a story, jumping to conclusions, adding a phrase or two that changes a story. For example, Mary may be going to Montreal for a trip. Her neighbor, Grace, might repeat this piece of innocent information to Betty, another neighbor, and Betty could, just by lifting an eyebrow and saying, "Really? Again?", imply that Mary is an extravagant gallivant, spending her husband's money.

What can you do if you are the victim of gossip? The best thing is to make the facts plain to as many people as possible. But if one particular person is spreading the rumors about you, then much bolder action is called for. Choose your time, a club meeting, a public place, where there are other people who know the story, present—and confront your accuser with the stories and the facts. If you can prove your point conclusively, she will not only have to back down in that instance, but she will lose face publicly.

Of course, the victims of gossip can always go to court if they think they have a case, although most lawyers advise against legal action. The person who has been gossiped about is exposed to additional and probably greater publicity in court and even though a judgment may be secured the winner is hard to identify after the mud is scraped away. Consequently slander actions are comparatively rare even where the injured person can claim actual financial loss through damage to their reputation.

And for the benefit of any gossips who might read this article I understand from the lawyer I talked to that your best defense, should you ever be sued for slander, is truth. If you can prove the story you told is based on fact you have what might be regarded as a strong defense. Of course, you may have to move off the street after the case is over but legally you have a chance of getting home free.

Canada had a celebrated case of gossip

which started in 1918 and lasted ten years. In September 1927 a Port Hope, Ont., newspaper, the Guide, carried a front-page editorial accusing General (later Sir Arthur) Currie of wasting Canadian soldiers' lives on the capture of Mons, November 11, 1918, when the war was almost over. Actually, Mons had been taken without loss of a single life because the Germans had already withdrawn. But news of the Canadian victory at the last moment, coupled with lists of earlier casualties which continued to appear in Canadian newspapers, led to the widely held belief that the casualties had been suffered at Mons.

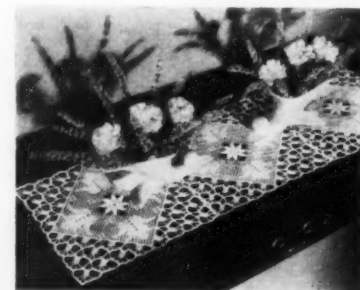
Sir Arthur sued the paper and won damages of five hundred dollars. But the trial took its toll of Currie. Soon after he suffered a breakdown from which he never recovered, and he died in 1933.

In wartime, rumors have for centuries been important weapons of attack or defense. During World War I stories were circulated about Belgian babies having their hands chopped off by German soldiers. During the early part of World War II Germany spent millions of dollars on a rumor mill whose sole purpose was to keep the U. S. out of the war. Stories were whispered about to incite anti-Semitism, to prove that Germany had not started either world wars, and to turn the U. S. against Britain.

Can we ever hope to eliminate gossip from our lives and the world around us entirely? According to the psychologists, Allport and Postman, this is unlikely unless several very improbable conditions are met: News dissemination would have to become much more accurate; people curious about the world would have to find more satisfying explanations than they have now; there would have to be less hate and fear seeking relief in fantasy and, finally, a method would have to be found to improve our memories and thereby reduce the distortions which repeated tales undergo.

And here's something else to think about. No gossip ever escaped being gossiped about. It is the keenest of double-edged swords. ♦

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### FLOWER RUNNER

Crochet three motifs to make this decorative runner. Motifs are 13 inches square, and pattern may be repeated for tablecloth. Use in heavier thread for bedspread. Order No. C215. Instructions, 25 cents.

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## WOMEN OF TORONTO

Continued from page 12

houses are climbing to get a view of more than the next apartment house. Bloor Street shops are becoming elegant instead of just expensive, with some of the newer, smaller ones declining to mar the merchandise with price tags and even the larger ones interspersing Diors with their tartans and tweeds. As the good suit is giving way to the smart suit on Toronto streets, so the meat-and-potatoes style of restaurant which catered to families celebrating special occasions is being replaced by the little café with the long exotic menu, planned to appeal to Europeans, accustomed to eating out, and career women who like to eat out. Small shops, smelling of foreign cheeses and meats laced with garlic, are delighting as many women as they're offending. Minks are to be seen at Maple Leaf Gardens as well as at the running of the Queen's Plate and legitimate theatre at the Crest has a full house along with Loew's. Spring Thaw, an annual musical revue, attracts packed audiences for several weeks with jokes about Toronto. And perhaps most significant of all, there is now a hotel dining room which permits the public, as well as yacht-club members, to look out on the lake.

Toronto is being thoroughly shaken up. As to how it will come out, a lot of new Torontonians are hopeful and some well-established ones fearful. One thing is sure: it is now and will continue to be the natural habitat of the Canadian career woman.

There are obvious reasons why the Toronto climate is healthy for career women. The city has always heartily respected success — no matter which sex achieved it. In Toronto there are more than twice as many women earning four thousand dollars or more a year than there are in Montreal. Social prestige accompanies business success in Toronto. In Montreal, grey flannel suits aren't much admired on female figures.

The so-called glamour jobs—in entertainment, advertising and publishing—are concentrated in Toronto. And professional women also have a head start there.

It has been a long time since the executive suites and professional offices of downtown Toronto were a male preserve. The first woman lawyer in the country, Clara Brett Martin, who graduated in 1897, practiced in Toronto. Currently, the most successful woman lawyer in the country is Torontonian Margaret Hyndman, QC, who, besides being an authority on company law, is a director of several large corporations.

The only hospital in Canada staffed entirely by women doctors, Women's College, had its beginnings in a clinic for women, opened in Toronto in 1898, fifteen years after the founding of the Ontario Medical College for Women. Now the chiefs of its active staff of eighty-six women doctors, Dr. Jessie Gray, Dr. Marion Hilliard and Dr. Jean Davey, OBE, direct a general hospital, serving both sexes.

The nineteen practicing women dentists in Toronto make up a whopping forty percent of the country's total. Similarly, the city's seven women school principals (two of them heads of vocational schools) represent a large part of a small national group.

In journalism, the women of Toronto have been making their mark for much longer than has been fashionable. Torontonian Kathleen Blake Coleman went to Cuba for the Mail and Empire in 1898 to become the world's first woman war correspondent. Much later, in 1949, when the National Newspaper Awards were made for the first time, Dorothy Howarth of the Toronto Telegram was a winner. Since then, one other woman, Judith Robinson, a political reporter for the same newspaper, has won this award.

In business, Viola MacMillan has the distinction of being the long-time president of the Prospectors and Developers Association of Canada. To Mrs. MacMillan, who heads two mining companies, Bay Street is as familiar territory as her own front lawn.

Much more famous internationally than Bay Street is the fictional property, *Jalna*, created by Toronto novelist Mazo de la Roche. Her audience is certainly the most diverse, if not the biggest, of any Canadian author.

Being the location of the Royal Conservatory of Music and CBC headquarters for English-speaking Canada, Toronto attracts women whose talent quotient is noticeably high. Some of their names and faces are as familiar to radio and television audiences in Saskatoon as in Scarborough.

Similarly, all Canadians have a proprietary interest in the careers of such Toronto athletes as swimmer Marilyn Bell, Frances Dafoe, the woman member of the Olympic skating pair, and Bobbie



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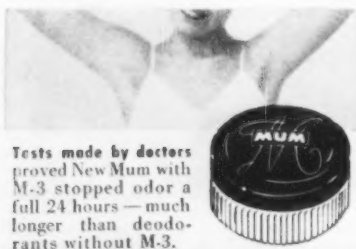


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Rosenfeld, Toronto sports columnist who in 1950 was chosen Canada's all-round athlete of the half century.

At home in City Hall are four women — the reeves of Long Branch and Swansea and the aldermen of wards six and nine. Down the road at Queen's Park, Toronto women are absent from the provincial legislature. But in Ottawa, newspaper columnist Margaret Aitken sits in the Conservative Opposition for York Humber.

Unabashedly opinionated women are in a tradition established early in Toronto. Elizabeth Simcoe, wife of the first lieutenant-governor of the new province of Upper Canada, was as busy a journalist as Boswell and no silent partner in her husband's planning of York. Anna Jameson, the author of *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*, who arrived in York in 1836, three decades after the Simcoes left, probably was a great embarrassment to her husband, the vice-chancellor of the province. When Mrs. Jameson wasn't in Western Canada, living happily with the Indians, she was at her desk on Front Street, writing merciless criticism of the people, manners and customs of the town.

In the welfare field, Mrs. Archibald Huestis, who died a year ago at the age of eighty-three, was as uncomfortable to have around as either of the pioneering women of York. Mrs. Huestis began her welfare work early, with the School Art League, an organization which aimed "to give the children pleasant and artistic surroundings in the schoolroom and encourage an intimacy with art." Observing sickly children among the old masters in the schoolrooms, Mrs. Huestis quickly lost interest in the art league, began campaigning instead for medical and dental care for school children, pasteurization of milk, pure water and playgrounds. For fifty years, Mrs. Huestis worked for improved housing, public health, care of the mentally retarded and for such assorted institutions as the Red Cross, YMCA, Canadian Institute for the Blind, Big Sisters Association, Municipal Voters' League, the Art Gallery and Women's College Hospital.

Modern Metropolitan Toronto is too big and diffuse for a few ladies to be prominently bountiful. In this city of suburbs, each section has its own leaders whose enterprises are important to their immediate neighbors but of small interest to the inhabitants of the next housing development.

The Junior League does much of the pioneer work that individuals used to perform. Currently, the league's biggest project is putting the New Canadian Services Association on its feet. Last year, the two professional staff members and sixty-three volunteers (about half of them Junior Leaguers) helped some two thousand and four hundred new citizens who had housing, language or unemployment problems.

Although the city's physical needs have grown to the point where specialists are required, the nourishment of its soul is still largely the responsibility of its womenfolk. If Toronto has not yet grown out of the nickname, *Hogtown*, it's not the fault of the women, who have worked hard to improve the state of its mind.

In their support of the arts, Toronto women are as aggressively enterprising as Bay Street tycoons. Last year, the women's committee of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra contributed fifty thousand dollars to the orchestra's support, prompting the retiring conductor, Sir

Ernest MacMillan, to remark: "There was a time when for some reason we tried to do without a women's committee. Never did masculine pride suffer such a fall."

Besides raising money, principally at a spring sale at the Canadian National Exhibition Horticultural Building, which is to rummage hunters what the Grey Cup is to football fans, the symphony women's committee also organizes children's and students' concerts.

Toronto has the only opera festival in the country, largely because of a faithful Opera Festival women's committee. A decade ago, the infant Royal Conservatory Opera School called on a small group of women for help in the raising of an opera company. Since then, these women have done everything from selling tickets to making costumes and raiding their own living rooms for props. In 1950, when the conservatory decided that such a large-scale business enterprise was outside its province, the women's group acted as catalyst in the raising of eighteen thousand dollars and the formation of the Opera Festival Association, both in the space of forty-eight hours. Last year, the women's committee sold more than thirty-three thousand dollars' worth of festival tickets (fifty-five percent of the total), besides providing four scholarships to the Conservatory Opera School.

Whether they're doing volunteer work for community causes or inhabiting downtown offices, the new women of Toronto look and behave like career women. They're well groomed, brisk and business-like. Even the Wimodausis Club, a carefully small collection of direct descendants of a single early twentieth-century church group, which used to raise money from the sale of embroidery, is now big-business. For three days every fall, the thirty-eight members of the Wimodausis take over Casa Loma for an exhibition of antiques which earns about nine thousand dollars toward the cost of their Earls Court Home for children temporarily displaced from their own homes.

In contrast with the determinedly small Wimodausis, the Parents' Action

League has grown with the speed of the city itself. It began sixteen months ago as a vague idea in the minds of two Toronto women, Mrs. Leslie Shvemar and Mrs. Murray Hahn, who were worried about the problem of sexual deviation, particularly where it endangered children. Now PAL has a provincial charter, the endorsement of more than a hundred organizations and takes credit for pushing the Ontario government into opening a research centre, first in the country devoted to the study of sexual deviation.

Living in a city that's growing as quickly as Toronto means coping with a lot of uncomfortable facts of life. Fifty thousand new Torontonians a year add up to a perennial housing problem and a high cost of living. Only one in ten families, according to the Metropolitan Council's reckoning, can afford even the minimum rent for apartments (one hundred and thirty-five dollars in the city for a two-bedroom apartment; one hundred and five for the same size in the suburbs). Nor can most families afford suburban homes.

The consequences of this situation regularly make four-inch-high headlines in the two evening newspapers. So does Toronto's spectacularly large traffic problem. Having the nation's only subway doesn't begin to compensate for the fact that Toronto also has one tenth of all motor vehicles in this country.

Despite these disadvantages to living in Toronto in 1956, the new women of the city are there to stay. They're there to share in a big city's prosperity. At the same time they're sharing in the making of a cosmopolitan city.

The Toronto known as the Good is gone forever. It's now Metropolitan Toronto, too big to be self-satisfied but not mature enough to have much shape or sophistication. The new women of Toronto have come at the most exciting stage in their city's growth. They're there in time to play an important part in Toronto's development into a cosmopolitan city, the kind of city that belongs to everyone, regardless of past and present address or bank balance. ♦

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## GOOD-BY MYRA

Continued from page 17

game was developed; it started with saying, "Let's be nice to Myra!" Then we would walk up to her in formal groups of three or four and at a signal, say together, "Hel-lo Myra, Hello My-ra!" and follow up with something like, "What do you wash your hair in, Myra, it's so nice and shiny, My-ra." "Oh she washes it in cod-liver oil, don't you, Myra, she washes it in cod-liver oil, can't you smell it?" we would chant.

And to tell the truth there was a smell about Myra, but it was a rotten-sweetish smell as of bad fruit. That was what the Saylases did, kept a little fruit store. Her father sat all day on a stool by the window, with his shirt open over his swelling stomach and tufts of black hair showing around his belly button; he chewed garlic. But if you went into the store it was Mrs. Sayla who came to wait on you, appearing silently between the limp print curtains hung across the back of the store. Her hair was crimped in black waves and she smiled with her full lips held together, stretched as far as they would go; she told you the price in a little rapping voice, daring you to challenge her, and when you did not, handed you the bag of fruit with open mockery in her eyes.

One morning in the winter I was walking up the school hill very early; a neighbor had given me a ride into town. I lived about half a mile out of town, on a farm, and I should not have been going to the town school at all, but to a country school nearby, where there were half a dozen pupils and a teacher a little demented since her change of life. But my mother, who was an ambitious woman, had prevailed on the town trustees to accept me and my father to pay the extra tuition, and I went to school in town. I was the only one in the class who carried a lunch pail and ate peanut-butter sandwiches in the high, bare, mustard-colored cloakroom, the only one who had to wear rubber boots in the spring, when the roads were heavy with mud. I felt a little danger, on account of this; but I could not tell exactly what it was.

I saw Myra and Jimmy ahead of me on the hill; they always went to school very early—sometimes so early that they had to stand outside waiting for the janitor to open the door. They were walking slowly, and now and then Myra half turned around. I had often loitered in that way, wanting to walk with some important girl who was behind me, and not quite daring to stop and wait. Now it occurred to me that Myra might be doing this with me. I did not know what to do. I could not afford to be seen walking with her, and I did not even want to—but, on the other hand, the flattery of those humble, hopeful turnings was not lost on me. A role was shaping for me that I could not resist playing. I felt a great pleasurable rush of self-conscious benevolence; before I thought what I was doing I called, "Myra! Hey, Myra, wait up, I got some Cracker-Jack!" and I quickened my pace as she stopped.

Myra waited, but she did not look at me; she waited in the withdrawn and rigid attitude with which she always met us. Perhaps she thought I was playing



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## Suddenly, we all wanted to go to Myra Sayla's birthday party

a trick on her, perhaps she expected me to run past and throw an empty Cracker-Jack box in her face. And I opened the box and held it out to her. She took a little. Jimmy ducked behind her coat and would not take any when I offered the box to him.

"He's shy," I said reassuringly. "A lot of little kids are shy like that. He'll probably grow out of it."

"Yes," said Myra.

"I have a brother four," I said. "He's awfully shy." He wasn't. "Have some more Cracker-Jack," I said. "I used to eat Cracker-Jack all the time but I don't any more, I think it's bad for your complexion."

There was a silence.

"Do you like Art?" said Myra faintly.

"No. I like Social Studies and Spelling and Health."

"I like Art and Arithmetic," Myra could add and multiply in her head faster than anyone else in the class.

"I wish I was as good as you. In Arithmetic," I said, and felt rather magnanimous.

"But I am no good at Spelling," said Myra. "I make the most mistakes, I'll fail maybe." She did not sound unhappy about this, but pleased to have such a thing to say. She kept her head turned away from me staring at the dirty snowbanks along Victoria Street, and as she talked she made a sound as if she were wetting her lips with her tongue.

"You won't fail," I said. "You are too good in Arithmetic. What are you going to be when you grow up?"

She looked bewildered. "I will help my mother," she said. "And work in the store."

"Well I am going to be an airplane hostess," I said. "But don't mention it to anybody. I haven't told many people." I added in confidence.

"No, I won't," said Myra. "Do you read Steve Canyon in the paper?"

"Yes." It was queer to think that Myra, too, read the comics, or that she did anything, was anything at all, apart from her role at the school. "Do you read Rip Kirby?"

"Do you read Orphan Annie?"

"Do you read Betsy and the Boys?"

"You haven't had hardly any Cracker-Jack," I said. "Have some. Take a whole handful."

Myra looked into the box. "There's a prize in there," she said. She pulled it out. It was a brooch, a little tin butterfly painted gold, with bits of colored glass stuck onto it to look like jewels. She held it in her brown hand, smiling slightly.

I said, "Do you like that?"

Myra said, "I like them blue stones. Blue stones are sapphires."

"I know. My birthstone is sapphire. What is your birthstone?"

"I don't know."

"When is your birthday?"

"July."

"Then yours is ruby."

"I like sapphire better," said Myra. "I like yours." She handed me the brooch.

"You keep it," I said. "Finders keepers."

Myra kept holding it out, as if she did not know what I meant. "Finders keepers," I said.

"It was your Cracker-Jack," said Myra, scared and solemn. "You bought it." "Well you found it."

"No—" said Myra.

"Go on!" I said. "Here, I'll give it to you." I took the brooch from her and pushed it back into her hand.

We were both surprised. We looked at each other; I flushed but Myra did not. I realized the pledge as our fingers touched; I was panicky, but *all right*. All right, I thought, I can come early and walk with her other mornings. I can—I can go and talk to her at recess. Why not. *Why not?*

Myra put the brooch in her pocket. She said, "I can wear it on my good dress. My good dress is blue."

I knew it would be. Myra wore out her good dresses at school. Even in mid-winter among the plaid wool skirts and serge tunics, she glimmered sadly in sky-blue taffeta, in dusty turquoise crepe, a grown woman's dress made over, weighted by a big bow at the V of the neck and folding empty over Myra's narrow chest.

And I was glad she had not put it on. If someone asked her where she got it, and she told them, what would I say?

It was the day after this, or the week after, that Myra did not come to school. Often she was kept at home to help. But this time she did not come back. For a week, then two weeks, her desk was empty. Then we had a moving day at school and Myra's books were taken out of her desk and put on a shelf in the closet. Miss Darling said, "We'll find a seat when she comes back." And she stopped calling Myra's name when she took attendance.

Jimmy Sayla did not come to school either, having no one to take him to the bathroom.

In the fourth week, or the fifth, that Myra had been away, Gladys Healey came to school and said, "Do you know what—Myra Sayla is sick in the hospital."

It was true. Gladys Healey had an aunt who was a nurse. Gladys put up her hand in the middle of Spelling and told Miss Darling. "I thought you might like to know," she said. "Oh yes," said Miss Darling. "I do know."

"What has she got?" we said to Gladys.

And Gladys said, "Akemia, or something. And she has blood transfusions." She said to Miss Darling, "My aunt is a nurse."

So Miss Darling had the whole class write Myra a letter, in which everybody said, "Dear Myra, We are all writing you a letter. I hope you will soon be better and be back to school, Yours truly . . ." And Miss Darling said, "I've thought of something. Who would like to go up to the hospital and visit Myra on the twentieth of March, for a birthday party?"

I said, "Her birthday's in July."

"I know," said Miss Darling. "It's the twentieth of July. So this year she



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could have it on the twentieth of March, because she's sick."

"But her birthday is in July."

"Because she's sick," said Miss Darling, with a warning shrillness. "The cook at the hospital would make a cake and you could all give a little present, twenty-five cents or so. It would have to be between two and four, because that's visiting hours. And we couldn't all go, it'd make too many. So who wants to go and who wants to stay here and do supplementary reading?"

We all put up our hands. Miss Darling got out the spelling records and picked out the first fifteen, twelve girls and three boys. Then the three boys did not want to go so she picked out the next three girls. And I do not know when it was, but I think it was probably at this moment that the birthday party of Myra Sayla became fashionable. And we lucky few were going.

Perhaps it was because Gladys Healey had an aunt who was a nurse, perhaps it was the excitement of sickness and hospitals, or simply the fact that Myra was so entirely, impressively set free of all the rules and conditions of our lives. We began to talk of her as if she were something we owned, and her party became a cause; with womanly heaviness and seriousness we discussed it at recess, and decided that twenty-five cents was too low.

We all went up to the hospital on a sunny afternoon when the snow was melting, carrying our presents, and a nurse led us upstairs, single file, and down a hall past half-closed doors and dim conversations. She and Miss Darling kept saying, "Sh-sh," but we were going on tiptoe anyway; our hospital demeanor was perfect.

At this small country hospital there was no children's ward, and Myra was not really a child; they had put her in with two grey old women. A nurse was putting screens around them as we came in.

Myra was sitting up in bed, in a bulky stiff hospital gown. Her hair was down, the long braids falling over her shoulders and down the coverlet. But her face was the same, always the same.

She had been told something about the party, Miss Darling said, so the surprise would not upset her; but it seemed she had not believed, or had not understood what it was. She watched us as she used to watch in the school grounds when we played.

"Well, here we are!" said Miss Darling. "Here we are!"

And we said, "Happy birthday, Myra! Hello, Myra. happy birthday!" Myra said,

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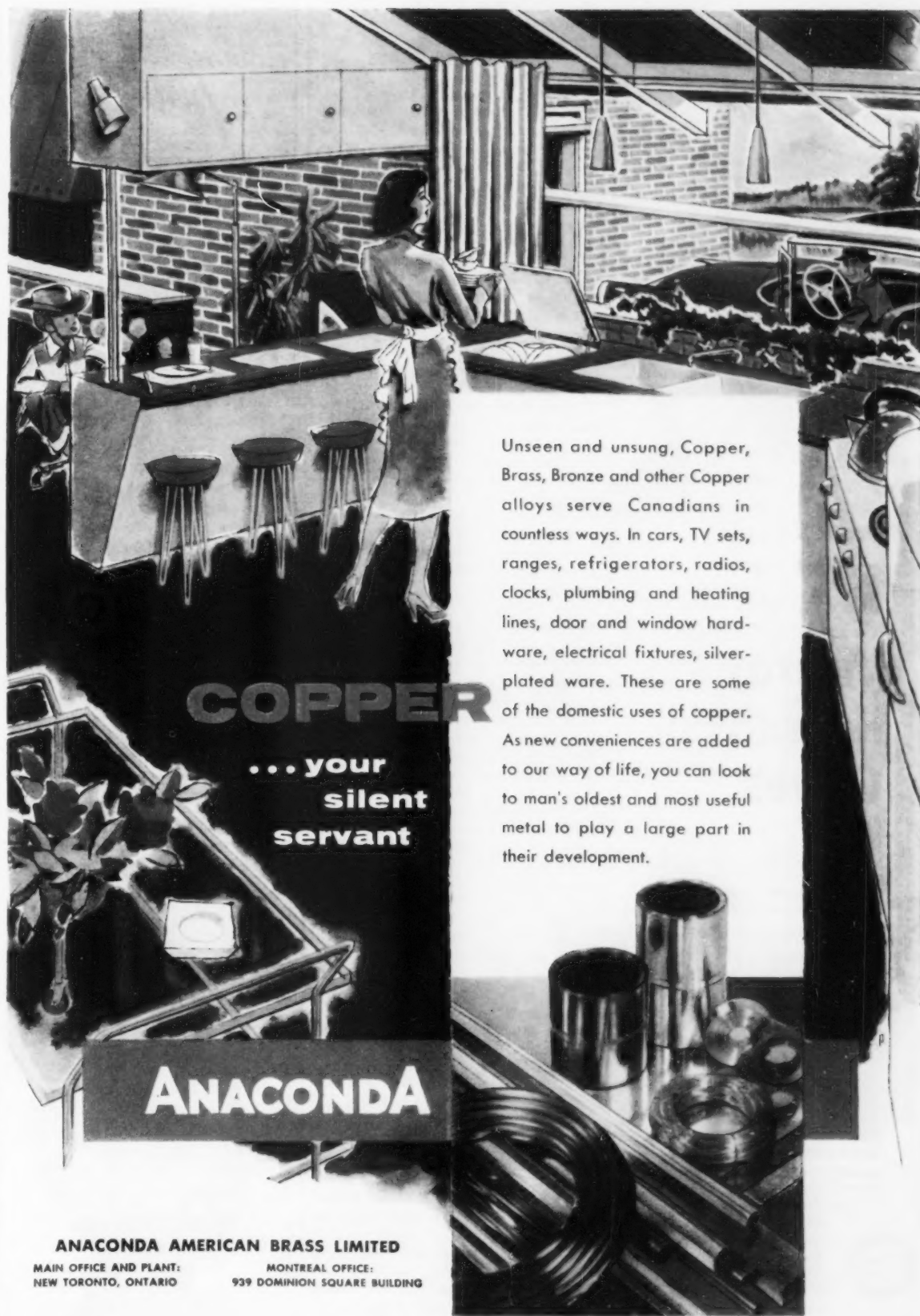
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"My birthday is in July." Her voice was lighter than ever, grinning expectantly.

"Never mind when it is, really," said Miss Darling. "Pretend it's now! How old are you, Myra?"

"Eleven," Myra said. "In July."

Then we all took off our coats and emerged in our party dresses, and laid our presents, in their pale flowery wrappings on Myra's bed. Some of our mothers had made immense, complicated bows of fine satiny ribbon, some of them had even taped on little bouquets of imitation roses and lilies of the valley. "Here Myra," we said, "here Myra, happy birthday." Myra did not look at us, but at the ribbons, pink and blue and speckled with silver, and the miniature bouquets; they pleased her, as the butterfly had done. An innocent look came into her face, a partial, private smile.

"Open them, Myra," said Miss Darling. "They're for you!"

Myra gathered the presents around her, fingering them, with this smile, and a cautious realization, an unexpected pride. She said, "Saturday I'm going to London to St. Joseph's Hospital."

"That's where my mother was at," somebody said. "We went and saw her. They've got all nuns there, it's a huge big place."

"My father's sister is a nun," said Myra calmly. "They're having prayers for me, every morning."

Then slowly she began to unwrap the presents, with great quiet importance, a queenly air that not even Gladys could have bettered, folding the tissue paper and the ribbons, and drawing out books and puzzles and cutouts as if they were all prizes she had won. Miss Darling said that maybe she should say thank you, and the person's name with every gift she opened, to make sure she knew whom it was from, and so Myra said, "Thank you, Mary Louise, thank you, Carol," and when she came to mine she said, "Thank you, Helen." Everyone explained their presents to her and there was talking and excitement and a little gaiety, which Myra presided over, though she was not gay. A cake was brought in, with *Happy Birthday Myra* written on it, pink on white, and eleven candles. Miss Darling lit the candles and we all sang *Happy Birthday to You*, and cried, "Make a wish, Myra, make a wish—" and Myra blew them out. Then we all had cake and strawberry ice cream.

At four o'clock a buzzer sounded and the nurse took out what was left of the cake, and the dirty dishes, and we put on our coats to go home. Everybody said, Good-by, Myra, and Myra said, Good-by, her delicate, dark head rising straight out of the white gown, not supported by any pillow, and her hands resting on the gifts. But at the door I heard her call; she called, "Helen!" Only a couple of the others heard; Miss Darling did not hear, she had gone out ahead. I went back to the bed.

Myra said, "I got too many things. You take something."

"What?" I said. "It's for your birthday. You always get a lot at a birthday."

"Well you take something," Myra said. She looked around. She picked up a leatherette case with a mirror, a comb and a nail file, a natural lipstick and a small handkerchief edged with gold thread. "You take that," she said.

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I had noticed that before. "Don't you want to keep it?" I said.

"No, you take it," said Myra, and she put it into my hand. Our fingers touched again.

"When I come back from London—" Myra said, "do you want to come and play at my place sometime after school?"

"Okay," I said.

"Okay—" said Myra.

Then I stood beside the bed wanting to say something else, or to ask something. Outside the hospital window, in the late sunlight, there was a sound like birds calling, but it wasn't, it was somebody playing in the street, maybe chasing with snowballs of the last unmelted snow. Myra heard, too; we were looking at each other. At that clear carrying sound her face changed, and I was scared, I did not know why.

"When you come back—" I said, and Myra looked away from me, down the corridor; she looked at the presents, at the folded tissue paper and ribbons, and did not say anything. I felt as if she were touching me then, grasping my arms, and I felt cold. "Here," I said, "you keep it, I won't take it, you keep

### YOU WERE ASKING

*Chatelaine*

#### Question:

Is there anything that would remove machine oil from a man's white shirt?

—Mrs. E. Scheffer,  
Bolton, Ont.

#### Answer:

If the oil is black and thick rub it with lard thoroughly, then wash with hot suds. If the black oil has been absorbed into the shirt, try rubbing it with coal oil and then letting it soak in the coal oil for a few minutes. Light machine oil can be removed by sponging with a cleaning fluid or carbon tetrachloride to remove the grease, then washing in very hot built-detergent suds or soap and water.

it. It's yours!" My voice had gone shrill. "It's the best present you got, I don't want to take it—"

"You take it," said Myra, in such a soft voice that I could hardly hear her. But I still felt her touch; not with my mind, but with the nerves of my skin I understood the demand she made. And it was too much.

The nurse came back, carrying a glass of chocolate milk, and she said, "What's the matter, didn't you hear the buzzer?"

"All right," I said. I said to Myra, "Well, thank you for the— thing. Thank you." I hesitated, trying to think what else I could say. "Thank you. Good-by."

At the door I had to pause once more and look back at her sitting in the high hospital bed. I thought that soon I would be outside. So I called back quickly, treacherously, almost gaily, "Good-by!" ♦



## DO WE REALLY DISLIKE AMERICANS?

Continued from page 9

"But I love them. Only last week when I was down in New York . . ." (Oh yes, they often go to New York. Three days' shopping and shows will make them an authority on everything from Florida to Alaska.) "Where did you get all that stuff you were quoting?" I ask briskly. "Why, from everyone—just everyone. Bellboys, salesgirls. A cab driver on Lexington . . ." (I'd hate Toronto to know the opinions I formed from a taxi driver on Yonge.) The baiter is starting to bristle now.

"You're a fine Canadian!" she flares. Bad enough that the American won't join her in a sweeping condemnation of his own country. Now I am less loyal, less Canadian born and bred, because I refuse to go along with her that our courts never make mistakes, our press is unsullied by sensationalism, we have better taste, come from better stock and have a higher regard for the social amenities. This, when she has just insulted a guest to his face by attacking his national institutions. (She didn't confine herself to McCarthy.)

You may have encountered this Canadian Joan of Arc. You'll know her if she sounds off on segregation and Montgomery, Ala., without any awareness of the deep issues involved, without any sympathy for a nation split in two, and without any mention of what happened in Dresden, Ont. If she points with glee to the hullabaloo of U.S. elections and conveniently ignores certain dark corners in our own. If she poses as an expert on the American scene and, when pinned down, falls back on false information and sweeping generalizations. But let an American put his finger on a Canadian sore spot and she flares into open hostility, bitter and undisguised. The fellow's rude, crass, a barbarian — but what can you expect? Look where he came from?

Farfetched? Exaggerated? Ask U.S. executives transferred here. Better still, ask their wives. They're a little shy about it, a little reluctant to discuss it, but yes—they have been made to feel different. "It surprised me at first because I didn't expect it. Now I know how to handle it. When someone starts picking at me with that pleased-pussy air, I just change the subject. If I can't, I let her rave. She feels better and there's no hard feelings . . ."

No hard feelings yet. But how long before more of our neighbors grow increasingly aware of this conscious superiority, the veiled anti-Americanism, the barbed hospitality? A newcomer moves into the house down the street. "What's she like?" I ask a Canadian who should know better.

"Oh, awfully nice—but American. You know . . ." Know what? That she's got two heads and wears the stars and bars in both noses? I probe at my sister of the skillet and run into a mess of clichés and statements that have nothing to do with the bright pretty girl down the street.

"Well, they're loud. Noisy, don't you think?" (This from the babe who's been screaming over my fence for years.) No, I don't. The stranger is wearing a conservative suit I'd give my eyeteeth for,

costing half what it would in Canada. She speaks like the lady she undoubtedly is. Her manner is frank, friendly and at this point, wistful.

"Up here, we're more conservative." I'll say we are. A Canadian in an American town would have the neighbors calling by now. They wouldn't come empty-handed either. They'd bring cake and friendship and bids to the bridge club.

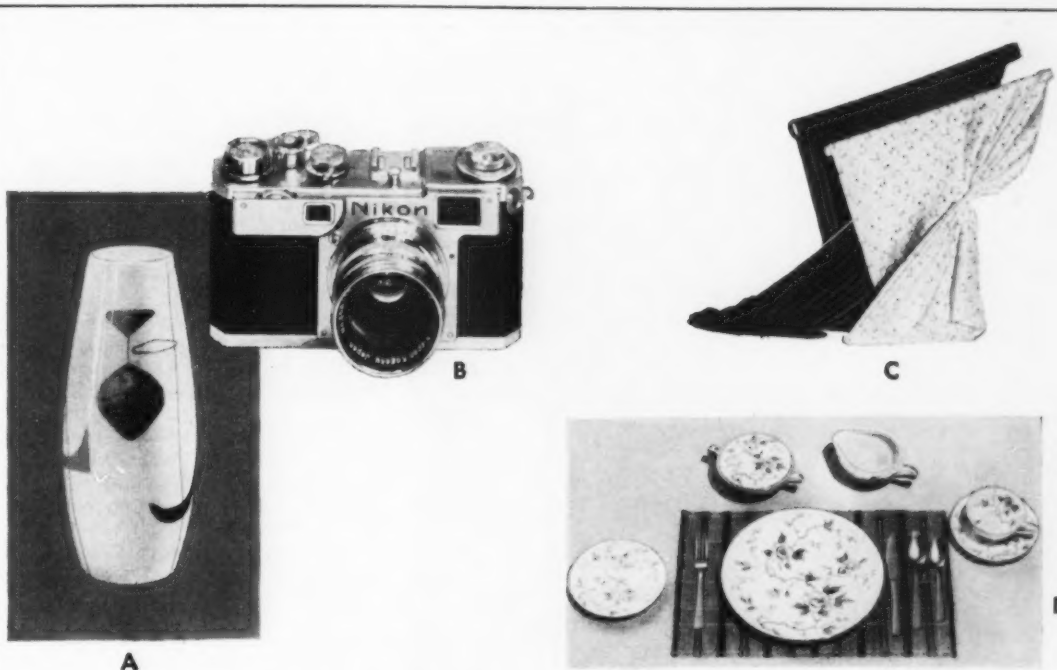
"I mean . . . well, Americans are different!" How? In what specific way? They speak the same language, raise

families, pay bills, face all the problems we do in this twentieth century. Actually they are more closely akin to us than any other country in the world and I do not except Great Britain. The average Englishwoman has more difficulty getting adjusted to our way of life than any American.

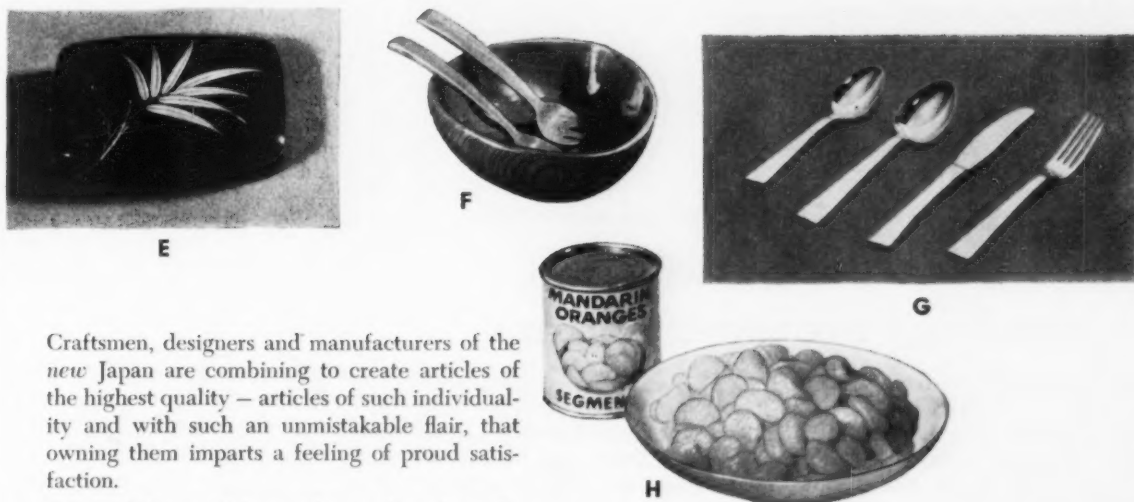
Oh, the newcomer will be accepted. She'll learn whom to stay away from, what topics to avoid, when to keep silent. But I keep thinking of the way we are received in the United States. With open

arms, without reservation. We are respected, admired, made to feel proud we're Canadian. We bask in warm kindness, the can't-do-enough-for-you sort, and come home to find people like our host and hostess being made slowly aware that they are surrounded by smiling hostility. Why? What makes some Canadians so quick to find fault, so fast on the draw, so overwhelmingly conscious of their own vast superiority?

I'll tell you. It's because they are nationally immature, still afraid of the



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States and fighting the War of 1812. It is because they cling to certain vestiges of colonialism to bolster their Canadian ego instead of looking to their country today for their pride, the glory of achievement. They are unable to deal with differences between us and our neighbor in an adult manner but must fall back on pettiness, suspicion, exaggerated criticism. Real Canadianism means mutual respect, a getting along together. The Canadians I speak of prefer constant carping, putting the finger on everything they consider wrong with the U.S. in order to draw their own smug cloak of complacency tighter. To do this, they castigate with misconceptions and false generalities.

Their weapons are certain classics. One is "our Anglo-Saxon tradition of justice, our judges appointed for life." It is true that the limelight beats brighter on American courts but what makes some Canadians so expert on another country's processes of law? What do they know about our own? It may come as a shock to them—it did to me—to learn that a prisoner without money can be tried and convicted in a Criminal Court *without legal defense because he can't afford a lawyer*. Canada has so far departed from the Anglo-Saxon tradition that we employ no universal Poor Prisoner's Defense, no Public Defender as in England, except in a capital case. An indigent prisoner may face a prison term of from twenty years to life without legal counsel unless a judge sees fit to provide one at the court's expense. Certain volunteer organizations in most provinces have taken steps to remedy this wrong. In Ontario a panel of lawyers take worthy cases free of charge. In Montreal, the Legal Aid Bureau has struggled since 1930 on a limited budget to provide what help it can in civil and criminal courts. But until any prisoner in Canada, no matter how poor, is automatically assured adequate counsel for the defense, set up and paid for by Canadian courts, how can we be sure that justice is done?

There are glaring discrepancies in the sentences handed down by Canadian judges. In 1951 a minor and first offender in Montreal was given twenty-eight years in the penitentiary for armed robbery. Yet under the same section four men in Toronto, with a score of armed robberies to their discredit, in 1952 each drew two years less one day. Isn't there something wrong here? Isn't there something wrong when, as John Diefenbaker points out, a man with money can pay a fine and a man without goes to jail for the same offense? And while we're on the subject of law and order, what about troubles in our own major cities? Police probes in Vancouver? Sex slayings in Toronto? Leather jackets and riots in Montreal?

Make no mistake. I am not panning Canada. This is my country and I love it with all my heart. But I am panning complacency and the not too prevalent attitude—thank heaven—that we have no problems brought on by the tempo of modern living. We are attacking them, solving them, in our own Canadian way. The great majority of us are concerned with setting our house in order, not pointing to the dirt in the neighbor's corner.

"The sensationalism of the American press" is another crack dear to the cocktail patriot. What does she read? The Daily Mirror or the New York Times? Take a good look at your newsstand next

time you're there, at the lovely yellow sheets all published in Canada. Of course, they'll have to be kept from the children . . .

"America's such a melting pot, a hodgepodge of races." But they're all Americans. We'll have the same mixed stock in Canada with the doors being thrown open at last to immigration. If certain of our blue bloods prefer to preserve their own pure strain of English, French, Scottish, Irish, German and Doukhobor—not unmixed with a little Chippewa—that's their business. Canada will have its growing pains, its shaking down. But if we come out of it all Canadians, with the teeming strength and unconquerable vitality of our friends next door, we'll be doing all right. They incidentally are swinging back to the large family. Let critics stop counting the headline divorces and start counting the five, six, seven kids of average decent-living people like ourselves.

"Americans are this, that and the other"—ranging from loud, brassy, flamboyant, to exhibiting universal bad taste. And I think of the wide bottoms in tartan shorts that got out of cars with Canadian licenses in Maine last year, the Canadian drunks who were asked to leave a motel in Vermont. They were the exceptions, as are badly behaved visitors here. But some Canadians indict a whole people for the sins of a few. Americans I knew in Maine and Vermont didn't follow this line of logic last year. The gnarled old lobsterman at Pine Point, who took my boys out in his boat, struggled to say what he felt. "Them folks aren't like real Canadians at all. We think you're a grand people from a grand country . . ."

The village policeman, in a New England town swept three hundred years by the sea: "We're always glad when you visit. It seems just like welcoming our own . . ."

I had thought this lurking Canadian antipathy, this hangover from history, was dead, lo, these many years. I remember exiled Edwardians shivering in Canada's cold and deploring the barbarians to the south when I was a little girl. I remember the horsey old maids imported from England spinsterhood to teach us in school. They sucked their teeth and wore long underwear in October and gave us demerits if we said, "Oh gee!" or spelled *flavor* instead of *flavour*. They protected us from encroaching American vulgarity and were going to make good little colonials out of us if it killed them. I thought that it had—and that they were all laid away with Dickens' American Notes.

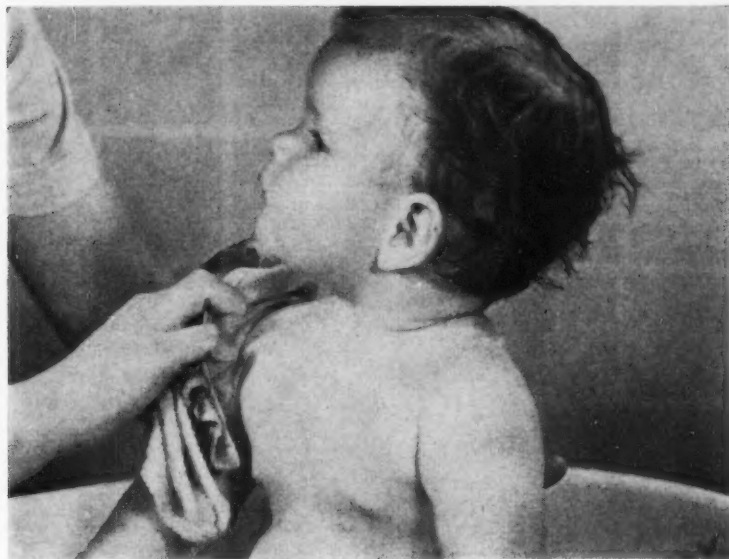
Now I find their blind prejudice, their ignorant dislike, resurrected in certain modern Canadians. The boys, far removed from the bulldog breed, in Toronto's Bay Street stock houses, who make wisecracks about worshippers of the dollar—this, from them! The Canadian university students who write letters of condemnation to the University of Alabama about Autherine Lucy, and forget the Negro slums in our own cities, the brilliant colored kids struggling through our high schools who will never be barred from the campus. They just can't afford to get there.

The woman who makes her American neighbor feel she'd be more welcome as a tourist. The lifted eyebrow, the refined sneer, the vague arguments against things American that boil down

*Continued on page 63*



FOR *Chatelaine* YOUNG PARENTS



## How to Protect Your Child's Skin

*Skin troubles crop up at any age. Here's what to do if your child gets . . . diaper rash . . . impetigo . . . acne*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

### For Diaper Rash

**B**ECAUSE your baby's skin is so thin the slightest irritation may cause a rash. After his bath, gently spread the folds in his legs and body and dry thoroughly with a soft towel. Then dust in some baby powder or cornstarch. Or, if you prefer, rub on a little olive oil or baby oil and then remove most of it with dry absorbent cotton. If you leave soapy water or a little pool of oil in these folds, the skin is likely to redden or even break—a condition known as intertrigo.

The commonest type of diaper rash is caused by ammonia. Germs on your baby's skin and in his diapers act on the urea normally present in his urine to produce ammonia. You can tell it's present because you can smell it quite easily. Ammonia is most likely to be produced when your baby has a cold or is teething and drooling a lot.

You can do several things to cut down the ammonia. You can kill the germs in his diapers by boiling them for ten minutes after washing and rinsing them thoroughly. To make his urine less concentrated, give him as much water as he will drink between feedings—except for the half hour before each meal. You can also reduce the amount of urea in his urine by feeding him pure bicarbonate of soda (baking soda)—one third of a teaspoon in three meals a day for several days.

Naturally you will change him as soon as you find him wet or dirty during the day, and at least once during the night. After each movement—and preferably every time you change him—wash him off gently with warm water and soap.

Pat dry and powder. Some doctors advise cleaning carefully with oil, rather than washing, when his skin is sore. In this case be sure to remove most of the oil afterward.

Don't let him wear waterproof pants when he has a rash as these definitely make it worse. Instead use two or three diapers, some serving as pads.

If the skin actually breaks tell your doctor. He will probably advise you to expose your baby's buttocks to the air for at least one hour three times a day. Lay him on his stomach with a folded diaper beneath him and shine a bridge lamp on his bared posterior to keep him warm. Leave his shirt on and drape a light blanket over his legs if the lamp doesn't keep him warm enough.

At night when you put him to bed spread a good layer of Lassar's Paste or Zinc Ointment on his buttocks. These ointments are so thick a good deal will stay on during the night. If the rash looks infected—or if your baby has diarrhea—be sure to call your doctor.

### Impetigo is Catching

School children are most likely to pick up this infectious rash. Impetigo is an infection of the top layer of the skin by either staphylococci or streptococci, more commonly the latter. It usually appears on the face, at first as little blisters which rapidly become covered with a yellowish or brownish crust. There is very little redness around it and usually it is not itchy.

As impetigo is highly infectious, any child with it should be kept out of school and away from other youngsters. If you



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think your child has it, take him to your doctor right away. Modern treatment usually clears it up in a week; with home remedies it may spread and last for a considerable time. Your doctor will likely have you soak the spots with warm compresses until the crust becomes so soft it can be wiped off, before you apply the ointment he has prescribed. Warn your child against touching the crust as he may spread the infection to other parts of his body. You should boil his towel, washcloth, sheets, pillow slips and underclothing every day. Of course no one else should use any of his belongings.

### Acne in Teen-agers

Many boys and girls, especially boys, develop acne or pimples in their teens. This can be a deep psychological blow, because youngsters are usually very sensitive about their appearance at this age. Don't dismiss their concern as mere vanity. The successive crops of pimples really trouble and depress them. You should treat them as seriously as you would a major illness and get expert help in finding a cure.

Have your family doctor refer your teen-ager to the best skin specialist he knows. The treatment of acne often requires all the skill an expert can offer. With his help your youngster can certainly improve his skin greatly and usually clear it up completely. If, as sometimes happens, it breaks out again the next winter it should respond to further treatment more readily than the first time.

### What Causes Acne?

At puberty the sebaceous or oil glands in the skin get bigger and produce more sebum or oil. Each gland empties into the sheath around an individual hair. A pore is formed where the hair, in its sheath, opens onto the skin. Unfortunately in many young people the size of these pores does not increase correspondingly so that the extra supply of sebum cannot readily escape onto the skin. Or it may be that the enlarged sebaceous glands pull on the hair sheaths and partly constrict them. At any rate, whatever the mechanism, the pore is blocked off with dried sebum, and a blackhead or whitehead or even a larger cyst or small sac of sebaceous material is formed. If the sebum becomes infected with germs a pimple results. The blackhead isn't black because it is dirty, the dark color is due to sulphur compounds that have come from the skin.

You might wonder what good this oily sebum does. It helps waterproof the skin and it, combined with sweat, produces the acid layer that protects the skin from many germs and other agents. For years the idea has been current that acne was associated with unhealthy sexual thoughts, fantasies and practices of these adolescents. Psychological and other investigations have proved that there is not a word of truth in this curious myth.

The skin specialist aims to get rid of the plugs that are preventing the escape of the sebum. He often prescribes lotions which cause the skin to scale, and the plugs come off with the scales. He also tries to cut down the production of sebum. Some of the lotions he uses help achieve this too. Occasionally, carefully regulated small doses of X-rays are given for this purpose.

Another recommended method for re-

moving the plugs or blackheads is to scrub the face thoroughly with hot water, soap and a rough Turkish cloth or a soft complexion brush three or four times a day. This may be followed by a drying lotion. Sometimes in severe cases hot-water packs are applied for ten or fifteen minutes before the prescribed drugs are put on the skin. If the blackheads resist such treatment, they may be gently removed with a blackhead extractor. Unless this is done very gently, however, the skin is bruised and this increases the tendency for it to become infected and scarred.

In the summer acne usually improves, provided the patient has exposed himself to the sun cautiously at first and has taken care not to get a real burn. Moderate doses of sunshine cause some scaling as you know. Sometimes treatments with ultraviolet lamps are prescribed in the winter.

### Frequent Shampoos Help

Girls and young women with oily skins should never substitute face creams or greases in place of soap and water for cleaning, because creams increase the tendency to acne by plugging up the pores more than ever. If the skin is infected with acne vanishing cream, lubricating cream, skin foods, skin tonics and ordinary face powder should be avoided. Plain talcum powder in moderation is allowed however.

Frequent washing of the hair with soap and water improves the acne, although why is not really known. The hair should be washed at least once a week and preferably twice. Shampoos containing lanolin or grease should not be used as they increase the oiliness which you want to reduce. Short haircuts, of course, make frequent shampooing easier.

Although no abnormality has been shown in the way an acne patient uses fat or carbohydrate in his body, many physicians have found that certain foods are apt to increase the condition in some individuals. These foods include very sweet foods, fatty foods such as nuts, peanut butter, pie, fried foods, butter, etc., chocolate, shellfish, pork and pork products. For this reason vegetables, fruits and fruit juices, lean meat, eggs, milk, skim-milk cheese, cereals and bread should make up most of the diet of the acne patient.

Even when untreated the acne usually clears up after some years. However, because it has such serious consequences on the young person's life, it is a great pity not to give him or her the best expert treatment that is available. ♦

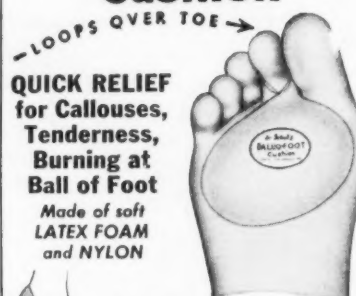
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## DO WE REALLY DISLIKE AMERICANS?

Continued from page 60

to false conceptions and statements that won't hold water.

Americans do have faults. They were told them all by a Canadian writer, Bruce Hutchison, in an article called *The Trouble With You Yanks Is . . .*, which appeared in a 1950 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The reader response was overwhelmingly in agreement. Americans fully admitted and regretted their national failings. Too many Canadians feel they themselves have none.

I have heard Canadians express deep regret that it has taken so much American capital, nine and a half billion dollars, to help develop this country, but the picture is changing. James Coyne, governor of the Bank of Canada, has stated that ninety percent of last year's investment in Canada was made by Canadians. But let us face it—without American enterprise, their faith in us and our future, we might not be where we are today. They have more than a financial interest in their neighbor to the north.

☆ ☆ ☆

### BEFORE YOU CAME

By Sheila Wilson

All our life seems a little thing  
Plus a little thing, plus a little thing  
more,  
A sock to darn, and a rake to buy at  
the hardware store,  
A Sunday brunch and a Sunday ride,  
And three small faces washed and  
kissed,  
A broom and a cloth and a pot of  
tea,  
And a laundry list,  
All my life seems a little thing, plus  
a little thing,  
With a little name  
Yet, most of my life was nothing  
at all,  
Before you came.

☆ ☆ ☆

for we are bound economically, geographically and physically by the same broad sweep of open sky. The Distant Early Warning Line being built in our own north country, at a cost of four hundred millions, is for joint Canadian-American defense but the U.S. is footing the bill.

We will often hold opposite views and may differ sharply on questions of policy. It is not unlikely that we will be involved in some good controversial arguments, as we have been before. But differences, difficulties, can all be solved by tolerance, friendliness and fair play. With that spirit and mutual respect, there is nothing we cannot settle as we have always done in the past century—with peace, with honor and with understanding. Canada is growing up now and becoming a great nation. Let us pay tribute to this with "maturity, the responsibility and sense of proportion befitting our increased wealth and stature."

We can all do our share of refusing

to join veiled anti-Americanism in Canada. The next time someone starts tearing the U.S. down, ask point-blank, "Do you dislike Americans?" and watch the fumbling for a reply.

You won't be called on to do so? I'm exaggerating? Making mountains out of molehills? All right, here's another quotation from the same source as above.

"I urge Canadians to eschew all pettiness and suspicion in their relations with the United States, all ill-considered and facile criticism, and deal with our differ-

ences in an adult, responsible manner."

Here's someone who seems to agree with me. Let's see what else he's got to say. "My plea is neither for embarrassed silence nor meek consent but rather for a sense of proportion and responsible gravity in our attitude."

Who is this speaking up? Arnold Heeney, Canadian Ambassador to the United States, at a dinner this February in Montreal. He too seems to view with alarm. He too feels that a few Canadians need reminding. Most of us don't.

We are genuinely fond of our neighbors. We respect their achievements and sympathize with their problems. We admire the way in which they have accepted the load of world responsibility thrust upon them and are grateful that we live beside a free, friendly people.

Which kind of Canadian are you? The old guard still protecting the border or a citizen of a mature country, showing by thought, word and deed that—while we're not going to join them—we honestly like Americans? ♦



## Growing up is such a serious business

What a wide, wide wonderful world. Everywhere this pensive little lady turns, something new and strange appears. But already many things are familiar—the cuddly teddy bear, the bright noisy rattle. And because her mother is a modern mother with old-fashioned concern for nourishment and feeding, one of the most familiar things in this baby's world is the famous Heinz Baby

Food label. Heinz helps young mothers through some of their busiest days—the time when baby has reached the age between strained and adult foods—by providing a complete selection of Junior Foods. When baby is ready for foods with a texture suitable for chewing, you'll find a wide variety of convenient Heinz Junior Foods, wherever you shop.



## HEINZ JUNIOR FOODS

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STRAINED AND JUNIOR MEATS • BABY CEREALS  
STRAINED AND JUNIOR FOODS • TEETHING BISCUITS

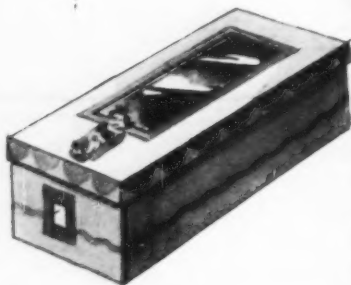
## Chatelaine's Chatty Chipmunk

Step right up, boys and girls  
and learn to make a peep show

**S**ing a Song of Summer,  
Season Soft and Sweet,  
Swimming in the Sunshine,  
Skipping down the Street.  
Sometimes Showers Sprinkle,  
Scattered Storms we See,  
Surely Such a Spectacle,  
Shouldn't Spoil a Spree.

Didn't I have fun with all those  
Ss? Don't forget S is an im-  
portant letter because it re-  
minds us of Summer Safety.  
You know the rules for Swim-  
ming Safety and Sailing (and  
any other kind of boating too)  
so be sure you keep them all  
so that you will be around to  
read our next column.

You all know the distress signal in Morse code is SOS  
(... — — — ...). Here is a game to play with these letters.  
Rule a piece of paper into twenty-five squares. Two players,  
one using the S the other O, take turns marking their letter  
in a square. You try not to let the other person make an SOS  
across or up and down. (Diagonally doesn't count.) Keep  
playing till you use all the squares. The player who makes the  
most SOSs wins.

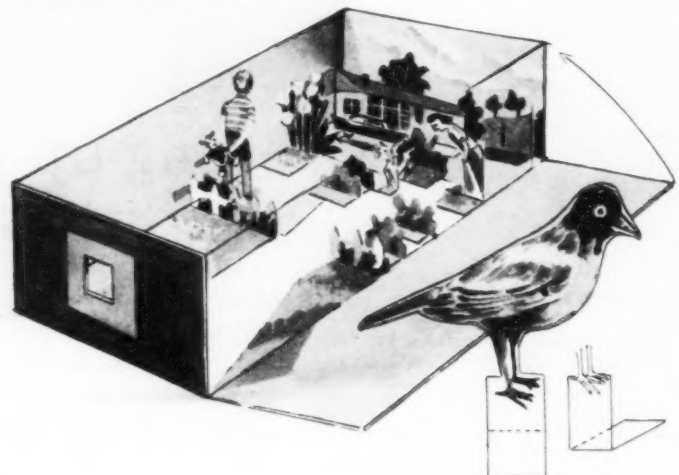


**S** also stands for shows  
and one of the best sort is  
a Peep Show. To make a  
Peep Show you will need  
a medium-sized cardboard  
box, like a shoe box. Cut  
a large opening in a lid  
and cover the opening  
with cellophane or thin  
tissue paper.

In the centre of one end  
of the box cut out a hole about 1 1/2 inches square. Now  
you are ready to make the scene inside the box.  
You can find all sorts of wonderful pictures in almost any  
magazine. Select one that will give you the background  
you want. Paste it inside the box on the end that doesn't  
have the hole in it.

Now cut out pictures of people and houses or animals  
and trees or anything that you think would make a nice  
three-dimensional picture. Leave a little flap at the bot-  
tom of these cutouts so that you can paste them in an  
upright position on the bottom of your box. One thing  
you must remember: Things far away from you look  
smaller than things which are close, so the cutouts you

put near the background should be smaller than the ones  
you put near the peephole.  
Keep looking through the peephole to see how each object  
looks before you paste it finally in position. If the floor  
of the box shows, you can color it in with paints or crayons  
or scraps of colored paper.  
Fasten the lid down with tape so that your interested  
friends won't be able to do any damage, and decorate  
the outside if you wish.



So long for now. See you next month,

*Chatty*

P.S. I'll bet I used over a hundred Ss on this page.  
Why don't you count them and see?



**A**nd now more fun with Ss. Fill in the blank spaces to make  
the word that is suggested by the clue.

The S -- is above us so bright and so blue.  
S - - is something that is known and true.  
- - - s - 's the name of a flower with a face.  
S - - - and endurance will win a race.  
- - s - always means to pause or wait.  
S - - - s - is another word for mate.  
S - - - is a food that is white and sweet.  
S - - - is a favorite thing to eat.  
S - - - when you are happy, may you never  
be s - -.

If you like this word puzzle I'll be very glad.

**Answer:**

Sky, sure, pansy, speed, rest, spouse,  
sugar, steak, smile, sad.





*Ladies appreciate*



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